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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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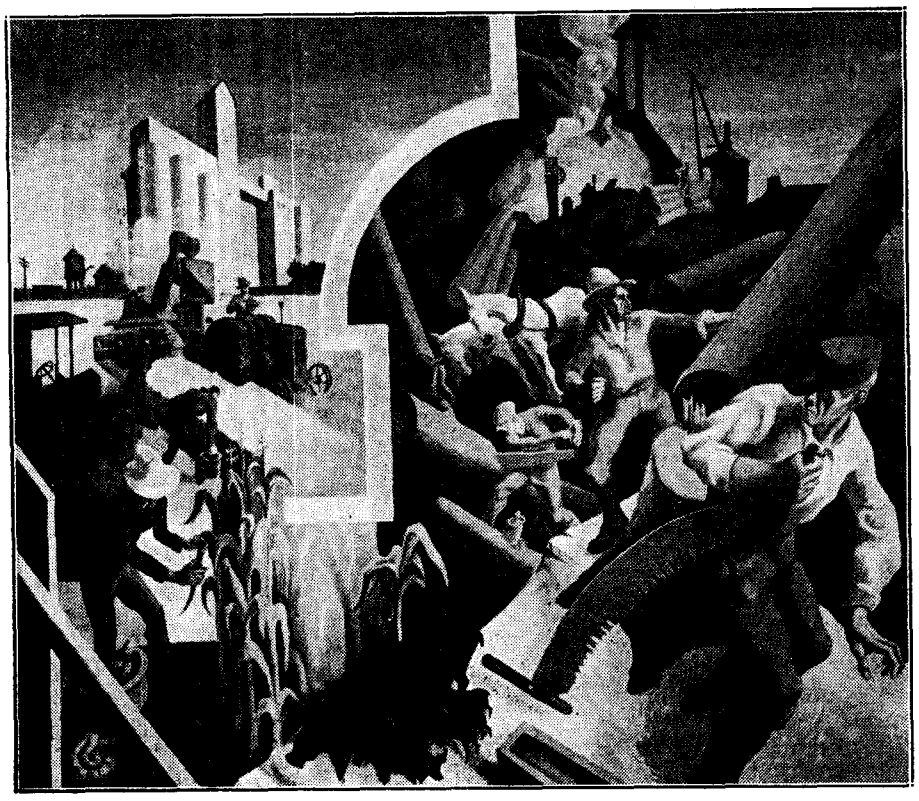

DETAIL OF A MURAL BY THOMAS H. BENTON, NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH
"Heroes of the new agrarian novels go back, taking happiness . . . with them."

Reporter de Luxe

WITH MY OWN EYES: A Personal Story of Battle Years. By Frederick Palmer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

HOW far do you imagine Odysseus would have got—would he even have started?—upon his far- and far-flung journey, including hectic seven years with the insatiable Calypso, had he had, and known that he had, a congenital heart-lesion, and a great aneurism, palpable to the dullest touch, in the right carotid artery? Had several expert doctors told him that his place was in a hospital and wheeled-chair with only a few years at most of chronic invalidism to survive; that any strenuous exertion—such for example as pitching one of said doctors out of the window—would settle the business then and there? Despite precisely such a dismal diagnosis in Seattle, substantially confirmed by a telegram from his own doctor in New York, Frederick Palmer started for the Klondike and the gold-rush, as correspondent of the *New York Press*, and went through an experience of physical labor, deprivation, hardship generally, such as would have killed and in fact did kill many a man in supposedly perfect health.

This is the aspect of Palmer's latest book which serves as background to my reading of it. Always, though he himself makes light of and mostly ignores it, I see the dour courage of an indomitable spirit such as Kipling visions in his immortal "If"—"you'll be a Man, my son!" To my mind, no spectacle of bravery, grim or gay, in this tale of high adventure amid the tragi-comedy of wars in far places surpasses or distracts from that of the author himself, calmly defying death. And getting away with it.

He has suffered the fate that Frederic Villiers, the famous war artist and correspondent, prescribed for him in 1895 (he was in his early twenties then): of being known exclusively as a "war-correspondent"; whereas, he was and is, even

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An Exile Returns to Soviet Russia

FIRST TO GO BACK. By Irina Skariatina. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MRS. VICTOR F. BLAKESLEE, born Skariatina, and formerly a Countess Keller, visited Russia with her American husband in 1932. It was her first glimpse of her native land since she left it in 1922, through the intercession of the A.R.A., and she was, she suggests, "the first member of the titled Russian aristocracy, not a Communist, to be allowed to 'go back' legally with a passport viséed by Moscow."

The Blakeslees saw all the usual things included in one of the Intourist grand tours—Leningrad, Moscow, the Crimea and Northern Caucasus, museums, factories, crèches, the sanitoriums of Livadia, the great dam at Dnieprostroy—although Mrs. Blakeslee, of course, needed no interpreter; and her impressions of what she saw are similar to those of many other foreigners who have visited Soviet Russia with an open mind and a willingness to accept the implications of revolution. Indeed, so far as objective reporting goes, Mrs. Blakeslee's narrative is just another "favorable" book about Russia, identical, in substance, with much that has gone before.

But along with this rather routine reporting, this unusual Russian lady introduces, especially in the earlier chapters of her work, subjective material drawn from her own past, and it is this which gives her book individuality and charm. Thus when they visit the Kazan Cathedral in Leningrad, now used as an anti-religious museum, the daughter of General Vladimir Skariatine and of Princess Mary Lobanov of Rostov, goes back to the days of her childhood when she and her parents would pray before the shrine of the miraculous Virgin of Kazan and place their lighted candles there and kneel and bow low until their foreheads touched the cold

(*Continued on page* 178)

Where Books Are Heading

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

ARE there any new books? The veteran reader, whose mind treads wearily backward through so many stories retold and histories rewritten, says, no, every book has been written before, there is nothing new under the sun. But of course he is wrong, and even his grumbling is meant to hide the never extinguished hope that in his day, under his tired eyes, some "Candide," some "Hamlet," some "Huckleberry Finn" will burst, trailing tradition after it, but owning its own soul of genius.

He is doubly wrong since, viewed groupwise, all books inevitably and often against their authors' slavish intentions, become perennially new. They reflect willy-nilly a changing imagination in a changing environment. Only the toughest, most resistant of categories, like the sentimental novel, the detective story, and the stereotyped lyric poem, seem to escape for a while the time spirit, but only seem.

And this year time is accelerated. It hung sluggish in the doldrums of last winter, and the books of last year were many of them sluggish. It began to speed in the spring, and now the notation of events is incessant, and the rhythm of change is fast. Already the signs of a new decade multiply in books.

I note this particularly in the novel, by a curious and characteristically negative reaction. Most of the novels published last Fall that were "new," "in touch with the times," "modern," seem old-fashioned already as one looks back. Obscenity is old-fashioned—I mean the pert "go you one further" kind. Sadism, which was so marked in current American fiction just a year or two ago, seems old-fashioned. Brutality, which was getting to be an American habit, seems dilettante and precious, when one remembers the kind that people wrote about before brutality broke loose in Europe. High imaginative work (of which there was very little last year) never goes out, nor does humor, nor romance—witness the great success in "Anthony Adverse" of a picaresque romance modernized only by a frank and vivid realism of detail. But the "trends" and "tendencies" of writing which seemed "significant" last year have got no further, have sunk underground.

This is all negative and neither a criticism of last year's books nor much help in understanding their successors. Yet it is interesting that, in literature, last Fall seems years back. Our compass has swung, our barometer has changed, there is a new feel to the air and to books.

If I am pressed for illustrations I shall cite the sudden staling of novelized biography, the sharp end of any vital interest in photographic fiction of mean life and mean characters, the rush of pamphlets in book form which assume that the old order is dead or dying. Yet I cannot make my point nearly so well by these obvious instances of change as by a school of fiction which seems too humble to serve as an index of mental transformation, and too simple an art to be new and original. It has been given no name that I know. It is not local color, though it is like it. It is regional, but that is only a beginning. If someone had said to our authors, now clean up America lest in the quick alterations of society something very true to experience will be lost, why that would have accounted for the aim of these novelists, but not for their skill in writing, their real passion, and most of all for the curious change in plot from earlier regional writing about the naive and primitive islanded in an industrial civilization.

I refer to the pastoral stories of place and character which, with books of the sea very much like them, have been well read and well sold in a period of literary depression. I would cite as typical instances, "South Moon Under" (for this tendency has been under way for some seasons), "Dark Moon of March," just published, and perhaps the "Long Pennant" of Oliver La Farge, yet to appear. I choose these titles at random. There are worse and probably better books of the same kind, though these are good. What you get in them is a pre-machine-age life—or at least a pre-mechanized age. The characters are moulded by the soil or the sea, they work in a rhythm which is made by their environment and enjoy this rhythm. Their world of the clipper-ship sea, or the Florida jungles, or the cotton fields, or the down-East farm, is threatened on all sides by mechanisms which they do not fully understand and for which they are not conditioned. In "Dark Moon of March" the hero's life (and the plot of the novel) is just a series of adventurings out toward the mechanized world, with as frequent returnings hurt and baffled. There is always in these books a dramatic struggle of something deeply emotional against sharp forms of energy that cut across or crush.

Now social historians would describe this readily by saying that since we are still passing from an agrarian to an industrial order, these books can be explained as romances of a lost world. The definition is too simple. There is something new in these novels, which may also be economic in its implications, but seems to me to be linked to a deep psychological change. The conflict between city and country has been

This Week

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH
By VERA BRITTAIN
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

NO CASTLE IN SPAIN
By WILLIAM McFEE
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THE LOST HORIZON
By JAMES HILTON
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

THEATRE GUYED
By NEWMAN LEVY
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

ROCKWELLKENTIANA
Reviewed by Suzanne La Follette

BONFIRE
By DOROTHY CANFIELD
Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie

AMERICA IN SEARCH OF CULTURE
By WILLIAM A. ORTON
Reviewed by Frank Ernest Hill

FOOTNOTES FOR A CENTENNIAL
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

CARLYLE RULES THE REICH
By JOSEPH E. BAKER

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dramatized since Theocritus and Virgil. These new novels, however, end differently from the old ones. The country (or is it the soul?) wins. What was a few years ago a literature of escape has become a literature of revolt or of self-denial.

Ten years ago Sinclair Lewis set a pattern for this sort of thing—and the pattern was tragic or pathetic. The moth first sooted its wings, then was scorched to a disagreeable cinder. Writers of the new agrarian books, and the other primitivists who write of the sea, the wilderness, or the savage, are not so sure. At the end of the books their heroes go back to nature—or whatever is its equivalent. They go back—or they cease moving and take to retrospection. They do not like the mechanized world, but instead of being broken by it, or turning intellectual and being nasty about its behavior, they go back to where they came from, taking happiness or at least content with them. And the striking characteristic of the most recent books of this genre is that the authors are quite evidently conscious of dilemma. The efficient outside world is what their characters often want; they do not wish to go back to the primitive; but the price is too high.

Now if you are going to look for social meanings in literature this seems to me a far more fruitful field than the naturalistic slum and factory studies of 1928-1932. There, when you got through, you had a chunk of reasonably authentic sociology and nothing more. But here is something really new—the weak taking on aspects of the strong, the meek inheriting an earth where meekness is safe, progress viewed skeptically not by an advocate of some other kind of progress, but by a mere personality whose most striking attribute is that he has kept and intends to keep a sense of living. It is as much a reversal of the usual order as when Shakespeare's clowns become the only true philosophers.

Does one argue then that the new novels indicate that we are all headed back to the farm? Naturally not. These books argue nothing. Argument is being con-

itself a phenomenon. The moth is no longer scorched to cinders. He has flown out of the window back into the night, and the question is—whither?

All of this can be found made over into imaginative fiction reflectively cast in "The Snows of Helicon" by H. M. Tomlinson, a new book which apparently has been neither rightly appreciated nor understood. Tomlinson is a journalist—of genius, yet a journalist who has had a curious faculty for saying the new things not brashly in advance of certainty but when they could at last be adequately said. His hero is in love with building as we all have been. He is well-to-do, happily married, engaged in important projects. And suddenly, while he waits for a train, the pressure of doing the wrong thing successfully for the wrong motives is too much for him. His vast bourgeois hotel, just completed, rises like a ghoul from the desert of his past, and he slips off quite happily into a mild madness in which he defends beauty in danger and searches his own soul, en route on a track that leads so far as he can tell nowhere. "The Snows of Helicon" is a typical 1932-1933 book. There is still the protest in it, the ashes in the mouth, the disillusion of success in the most luxurious of known worlds, which have been so familiar to post-war readers that one takes them for granted as sure to appear somewhere in a novel. Yet there is also something new—heredity overcomes environment, the human being dusts his clothes of all that, stops worrying about technocracy and billboards on the highways, and goes on his way toward a different kind of satisfaction. He is tired of being crushed, and though disillusioned, realizes that you don't die of disillusionizing. Like the men and women in the bucolic novels he goes back to nature—human nature—to see what can be found.

I have read in literary pages recently characterizations of the new books of this season based upon prophecies of what they would probably be like, by critics who had not read them. I have not read them all, or even many of them yet. I

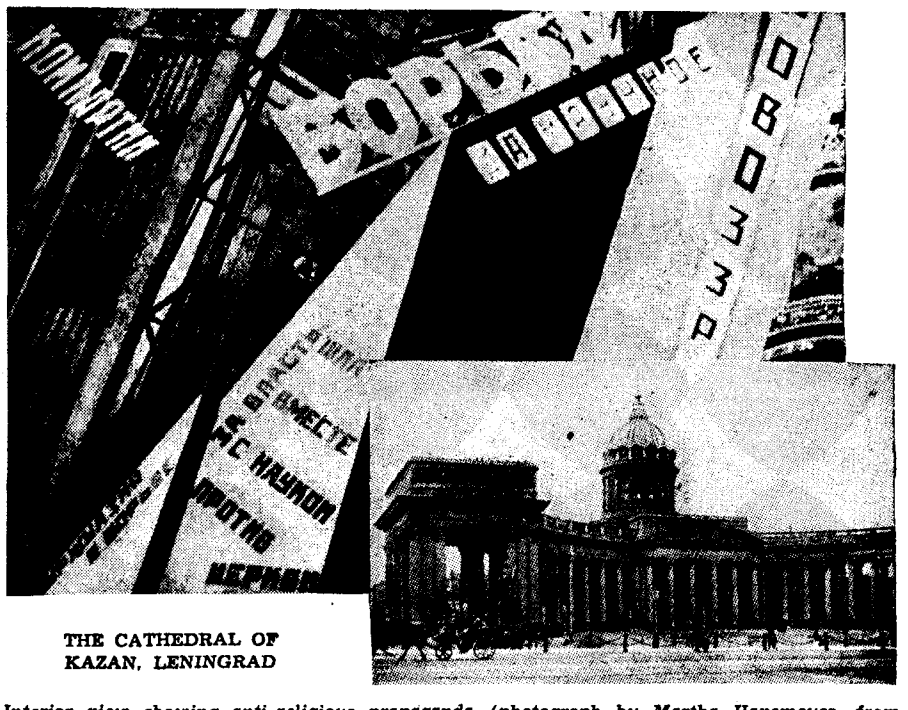
good indices. "Of Thee I Sing" and the novels of Sinclair Lewis and William Faulkner, or the recent novels about the proletariat by the intellectuals, have a satiric bite upon things hateful and not of good report, that tells the truth of what we don't want to have, don't want to be. I am surprised that no enterprising publisher has made an anthology of writing of this kind, calling it "How I Hate America." Historians would rejoice in such a collection, since the satirist and the realist wear telescopic lenses from which little evil is hid. Nevertheless, if you want the unmagnified truth as to social change, it is in the novels and plays and poems without a moral string to pull that you will find it. There, in unphilosophic interpretation of human nature, what actually is happening to us will be most accurately revealed. And that is why I am insisting on the sig-

An Exile Returns to Russia

(*Continued from first page*)

tiles; moments "when that corner of the great cathedral always seemed to me filled with endless waves of prayer, which, together with the clouds of incense and the perfume of the lilies, would steadily advance toward the silver shrine, mounting higher and higher until they reached the Virgin." These "flash-backs" occur frequently—when she sees again her old home on the Fontanka, at the opera, when she hunts up her old nurse, and visits her father's grave—and they make the old Russia live again behind the new with a warmth and naturalness difficult to achieve in any other way.

Mr. Blakeslee serves as what might be called the Dr. Watson of the narrative. It is he who asks the ingenuous lead-



THE CATHEDRAL OF KAZAN, LENINGRAD

Interior view showing anti-religious propaganda (photograph by Martha Havemeyer, from The New York Herald Tribune). *Inset, the cathedral before the revolution.*

nificance of the quiet regional books in

ing questions—"Marvellous—stupendous."

this year. The distinguishing characteristic of these pamphlets is that in 1933 we have all become radical in the sense that all are ready for change. At last the barrier has been passed where the laboring American writer had to spend half his space in proving that he was a staunch believer in everything said by everybody between Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt before he could begin to discuss realities. Only last week *The Herald Tribune* editorially upheld the proposition that the world never again could become orderly until states gave up some of their sovereignty. Time has speeded here also.

But these pamphlets deal with ideas and programs. The bucolic and marine novels, in sharp contrast to "The Octopus" and other predecessors, do no such thing. They are precursors, I hope and believe, of a new fiction and a new drama that will belong as wholly to the middle 1930s as satire belonged to the turn of the decade. In them one feels the reluctant turning away of a personality from a world so lively, so energetic, so exciting that to turn away is in

stances. But I check it by the extraordinary success of such writers as Willa Cather who have made reconstructions of the past which are obviously intended as foils to a present which had no clear shadows and no strong rocks. I don't know what the unpublished books will be like, but I can guess where some of them will be heading.

The sum of the matter is that if one is to talk about trends and turns and tendencies the obvious must not be taken too literally. The pamphlets of a period (even when written by the editors of *The Nation* and *The New Republic*) always overstate their case. Such writers are farsighted, too far-sighted. The near reality blurs to an image of what they wish or fear, the more distant possibilities sharpen into certainties, until, like the prophets of the Old Testament, they see Jerusalem tumbling with the clarity of a moving picture. Nor is creative literature with a message or a moral much more reliable in its indications of social change. Negatively, tendency books, especially satires, are

ceived as to the state of the public mind. There has been no such discontent with an industrial society as that which most of our intellectualist books for a decade now have presented—not even among the sufferers from an economic system awry. Only now, and still vaguely, is the idea spreading among the unreflective (which means ninety-nine and one-half percent of the world's population) that something is wrong with the scheme of things. Still more slowly, still more vaguely, is self-criticism accompanying it. But both ideas are awake and alive. Stendhal's post-Napoleonic heroes were motivated by despair because greatness seemed to have drained out of society. Shelley's characters tormented themselves with vast revolutionary hopes. Joseph Addison had a vision of order and good sense civilizing society and invented Sir Roger de Coverley to laugh away the least objectionable opposites. Here there *was* something new in books because life in every instance had begun to be different and was interpreted, not prophesied. Are there not already books in addition to the bucolic narratives I have chosen to write about which show that beneath behavior (the chief theme of plays and novels in the twenties) motivation is changing? And poems? I would cite MacLeish's "Conquistador" as one which upon analysis would prove to belong. But in general, since I am writing in advance of the crest of the flood of new books, I leave my observations pointed by a query which each reader, as the months unroll, can answer for himself.

fact that "it is everybody's army, each man feels responsible, not only for himself for the whole. Can't you see it in faces?" adds his own conviction that fifteen years they have been on the firing line. They will fight fifteen years, more years if necessary. Their enthusiasm will not be quenched. They are shabby, they are poor, but they are healthy and they can work, and Bolshevism goes marching on."

Occasionally, Mr. Blakeslee contributes a few pages of his own, signed with his initials, written in the historical present, and glowing with Yankee enthusiasim:

> "It's a new world, a world reborn," I whisper to Irina, "it's alive, strong, ambitious, brave, eager to learn and to do everything as a child. No wonder they make mistakes."
>
> "Now they sleep from exhaustion," she answers (the scene was a crowded railway station) "a hundred years ago—even twenty—they slept from inactivity or lack of will to do anything else."

When Mrs. Blakeslee returned from Russia last year and said, or was made to say by the ship news reporters, that the U.S.S.R. was all smiles and hopefulness and that most of the people seemed well fed, some rather bitter comments were made by other Russian emigrés, many of whom were sending Torgsin remittances to their relatives and friends still in Russia to keep the latter from starvation. To go into this aspect of her book would be to enter unnecessarily into what might be called a family quarrel in which the casual American reader has no proper part. Mrs. Blakeslee might well have made more of the terrible price which has been and still is being paid for the real accomplishments of the Revolution, and that a Russian of her background could avoid doing so offers, perhaps, a curious problem in personal psychology, but the fact remains that just such impressions as these have been made on disinterested foreigners, and that she adds to her reporting, as we have already remarked, sidelights which only such a visitor could contribute.

The Valiant Hope

By JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

THE open pods of harvest yield up the seed:
And now the hour gaps for the fatal committal
Of a shrivelled body, this jot, this waxen and little,
Where choked in a death of earth it rocks until need.

Rocks not unfeeling, lurks not unknowing,
Blind but telling, deaf but counting the high
Wide swing overhead of planets clockwise in sky,
Biding its time in hiding with pulses slowing.

Till the microscopic fires kindle and rive
The tiny husk and there is a mighty scatter;
On this light pediment what a weighty matter
Is piled, what a tower mounts from a frail ogive!

The brooding Hebrew, the Greek of earth-pungent breath,
Paul the Convert, the sackcloth nations have grounded
Upon it celestial cities,—their hope unbounded
Of cleaving the black, egregious smother of death.

Writing in *The Contemporary Review* of the late Anthony Hope, Charles Mallet says: "His powers of talk and of enjoyment made him very popular—a certain crisp authority of speech, great readiness in repartee and argument, a laugh which lightened any company that he was in. . . . He never lost his judgment or his sense of values. He remained to the last probably the least satisfied critic he had."

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Reporter de Luxe

(*Continued from first page*)

as such, primarily a philosopher, a thinking, deeply appraising observer of mankind not only in his greatest folly of organized mass-butchery and mass-suicide, but also and especially in his humanness under the individual, class, and racial delusions of grandeur and inferiority. He seldom misses the meanings and potentialities, for instances, in the aged Greek shepherd, nestling his wounded lambs under shell-fire, the Chinese grandfather gleaning charred rice-grains amid the embers of his ruined hovel; the French civilian, spitting in the face of a dead German soldier. Grim or gay, for this is a tapestry of horror and never-failing humor, the main thread of the warp ever shows through. One phrase of Palmer's might serve as text of himself and of the whole of this great Odyssey: "Man had won, and man is great!"

Palmer was born in 1873, in the little town of Pleasantville in western Pennsylvania; he began his newspaper career at fifteen, on the *Morning Post* of Jamestown, N. Y., served under Dana on the *Sun* and later on the *New York Press* under Wardman who in 1895 sent him to Europe and the Greco-Turkish war. That was before he learned of the heart-lesion and the carotid aneurism; though certainly it would have made no difference. And by the way, several of the doctors who doomed him have preceded him across Jordan! When most of the now-famed war correspondents of 1914-18 got their baptism in the trade, Palmer was a veteran. For, as he says:

> In my time I have passed a span in the history of arms broader than that from Fontenoy to Domokos, a span from this visible movement of infantry elbow-to-elbow for hours to the attack of the screens and camouflage and the timed movement of infantry, widely separated, behind rolling barrages.

Under his eye whatever there was of pageantry and glamour has vanished in mechanism; in his story you will see each succeeding war lose even such poor picturesqueness as marked the preceding one; even individual opportunity for glory ground up in a Frankenstein insanity. At sixty he tells the story of his adventures; nearly all of it pursued since that suspended sentence in Seattle to chronic invalidism and early inevitable death. In his own introduction over a sturdy signature he summarizes both that long wayfaring and his underlying philosophy about it—the man himself stands forth:

> I endured hunger, thirst, Arctic cold, tropic heat and dizzy fatigue in infection's path. I was shot at without shooting back. . . . I saw war through all the stages from glamour to ashes. . . . I followed the lure of Alaskan gold as well as the lure of war from the Thessalian plain to Flanders. I saw Chinese rioters reverse the tide of European expansion; rebellions that failed or were christened revolutions by success; nations that I had seen fighting each other fighting as allies against former allies; the German Empire that Bismarck had built by blood and iron wrecked by blood and iron; the Russian Czar in his might before he became the victim of war's ruthlessness by which his ancestors had spread their autocracy; the United States hailed as a new power because our sailors and soldiers vanquished Spanish sailors and soldiers, the New England town meeting on a jungle man-hunt halfway around the world, and an American army in France to make Germany as well as Italy safe for democracy. I have seen war stripped of its pageantry, the monster naked and unmasked, but no less feared in public prayers.

Remarkable pen-pictures there are, of men and things; for this is exceptionally good writing, the while without visible effort to make "literature." One is a notable portrait of Admiral Dewey in all the simple naïveté of the blunt sailor who will not lie to save himself, even at the command of the President of the United States. Put together the references to Theodore Roosevelt and you have a kind of vivid, disclosing movie of the man. There is a thumb-nail sketch of Herbert Hoover worth yards of words. Somehow you get a discerning view of Japan and the Japanese character as you see that inscrutable nation emerging from almost contemptible obscurity into a high and menacing place among the powers. Figures and factors weave through this story by the hand of an artist, narrator, historian, social philosopher who never poses even to himself, yet realizes that he is painting upon a mighty canvas, and never loses, means not to lose, the great perspective. If now and then a resurrected figure looms again though now almost forgotten, it is partly because this after all is Palmer's own story of what he saw himself; but usually that figure, even though of late overlaid by greater or noisier entities who themselves will be overlaid, in his time nailed down something crucial, fundamental, however little appreciated now.

Here is not only an absorbing story, to be commended as on a par with even the memoirs of von Blowitz, but a notable contribution to the history and understanding of our times, of what we have been through and have still to face. In it, after the adventure in Greece and the doom-defying battle of the Klondike, we have thrilling episodes during our assumption of the "white man's burden" in the Philippines; the Boxer Rebellion in China and the relief of Pekin; the Russo-Japanese war and the Peace of Portsmouth; on the South American cruise and in our own "Latin-American Balkans." No space here for particulars. Last the World War, during which Palmer was put in the embarrassing position of having to garble other men's war-correspondence. It is amusing, and pathetic, to see this conscientious reporter struggling with that machinery of organized lying known as censorship.

> It did not take long [he says] for me to learn that nature did not intend me to be a censor. The very principle of censorship makes it unfair. . . . There were times when I felt like going into hiding, when I took solitary walks to stiffen my backbone, lest I call the correspondents together and say: "Go to it! We're fighting for democracy, and censorship is the very negation of democracy. Be your own censors! Send what you would like! Puncture the propaganda balloon! Let us have the truth!"

Characteristic this, and revealing again. For most of all, in every page unconsciously, we have a self-portrait of a gallant personality moving fearless and serene amid dire chaos and large-scale deviltry; charged with a sense of responsibility never morbid or self-conscious; bent at whatever cost or peril to himself upon finding the essentials and seeing what he looked at; telling the simple truth about it without prejudice, fear or favor. A reporter *de luxe*, and a gentleman in the finest sense of that abused expression.

Asked at the Paris Peace Conference whether he thought there would be more wars, he said:

> "From what I have seen of the Conference, I am convinced that more wars are already in the making."

Yet he insists upon hoping that he has outlived his trade. "Anyhow," says he, "I hope, and hope keeps us young."

I do not know when, or whether, there will be another grand-scale war. Just now the skies are ominous, with flashings all round the horizon. Be that as it may; but when and if it comes, I am certain that no consideration of or fears about himself will keep Frederick Palmer out of it. If by that time he is in his long-postponed wheel-chair, they will have to tie him in.

FREDERICK PALMER IN MANCHURIA, 1905

* *

John Palmer Gavit, a veteran newspaper man, knows his war correspondents at first hand. He was for many years managing editor of the New York Evening Post, *and is now a contributing editor to* The Survey.

England's Lost Generation

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH. By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

THE generation of men and women, now approaching middle age, athwart whose lives the war struck when love and ambition and dreams were in the bud, will feel the resurgence of an old, bitter pain in reading this book. This is what war was, this anguish of separation, this futility, this submergence of all that was young and brave and ingenuous in the muck of war. All of us who were mature in 1914 have put a clamp on memory ever since. Miss Brittain has torn the hasps away, and released the emotion of a youth which lived in the chaos of a shattered world. It is a tragic book she has written, tragic in its portrayal of the waste and incidence of war, tragic in its admission of the fearful beauty which, so long as the conflict wages, inheres in the sacrifices which war compels. It is a narrative to strike horror to the soul of the pacifist not alone because of the suffering it depicts but as much because of Miss Brittain's testimony to the spirit which makes war possible. Like Storm Jameson's recent "No Time Like the Present," an autobiography closely paralleling it in general character, it should do more than a hundred impersonal tracts to bring the youth of today to a realization of what their immediate predecessors endured, and to steel their resolution that through no trick of fate will they be forced to lay down their lives and careers as did those who went before them.

Three worlds constitute the background of Miss Brittain's book,—that pre-war world which in the light of retrospect wears so endearing a serenity, the world of battle and agony, and the post-war world in which battered youth climbed painfully to a compromise with living. Miss Brittain's girlhood was one which, viewed through the perspective of the present, seems almost incredible today even to women who know from personal experience how faithfully it represented the course of life of the average comfortably situated, sheltered young woman. We really were these trustful young creatures, ignorant of "the facts of life," still reaching out for the vote and for freedom of action, still happily confident that life would hold normal relationships and excitements and security. If we in America had advanced further along the road to independence than our sisters in England, still we did not differ very radically in the general routine of our lives from them. We went to college as a matter of course where Miss Brittain still had to overcome parental opposition to get to Oxford, but otherwise we did much as she did. We did at least until the war broke out, and England was plunged into the holocaust as America even at the end had not had time to be. What English youth endured is written here with a plenitude of detail, in a chronicle of events and in excerpts from letters sent to and from the front.

War when it broke fell into Miss Brittain's life at a time when the world was opening out most alluringly before her. She was at Oxford, happy in the companionship of her fellow students and in that of her brother and his friends, with love for one of the latter already winning recognition in her mind. When it ended it had left her bereft of the fiancé to whom her devotion had been fanned to white heat in the agony of war, with her brother slain on an Italian battlefield, and the two men who after these former most held her heart dead of wounds in France. It left her exhausted spiritually and mentally after the months of her strenuous service as nurse in England, Malta, and France, and

VERA BRITTAIN

impassive to experience for years to come. No fictitious record could furnish more dramatic material than this autobiographical chronicle of Miss Brittain's. Her lover, a brother of the artist Clare Leighton, and to judge from his letters a rare and gifted soul, was to have spent his Christmas leave with her. She missed his boat on its arrival in port ahead of time on December the twenty-third and went to await him in her apartment. The telephone rang and she rushed to it expecting to hear his voice; instead came that of his sister, Clare, telling her of the telegram which had brought word of his death in the trenches. Her friend, who was also her brother's friend, lay wounded and blinded in France, and she secured leave from her duties to go to him in hospital, intending now that her own happiness was destroyed to try to bestow what comfort she could upon him by marrying him. A few days by his bedside and something "cracked" in his head, and after a period of delirium he too was gone. It is a mountingly painful and moving record that Miss Brittain has written, sad even in the belated happiness of the marriage which after some years she made with another former soldier.

Again in this book, as in so many volumes of letters issued during the course of the war, there starts forth from the excerpts of correspondence so lavishly woven through it the clarity of feeling and singleness of purpose which seemed to exalt the youth of the battlefield above their years. These young men who write to Miss Brittain, and she herself in her replies to them, show a maturity of understanding and seriousness, a power and precision in the expression of emotion, which were sprung apparently of the purging experience of war. Nowhere is her narrative more moving than in these passages written in the intensity of an hour which burned away all but the intrinsic, and left youth face to face not only with death but life. A "testament of youth," indeed, one which unless youth heeds its lesson, will leave youth as surely doomed in the future as in the past. We account such books as this and Miss Jameson's an incalculably powerful influence in the war against war.

Writing of Hannah More, the centenary of whose death falls this year, a correspondent to the London *Observer* says: "She attempted, with a facility that was often fatal, the traditional eighteenth-century versatility—tragedies, occasional verse, hymns, ballads, sacred dramas, odes, essays, theology, fiction, education. In her day she was successful in them all."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The New Jerusalem

We have on various occasions in these columns commented on the spread of communism (pink, rose, red, and dark red) through literature. Judging from letters received, some of our readers feel that this easy-chair observation of a revolutionary movement as it seeps over its political and economic bounds into the arts, is a kind of dilettantism. That is not true. Whether the world, or Europe, or France, or England is going communistic is of immense importance, but it is also important to know what effect communism, or even a communistic tendency, is likely to have upon literature, religion, or the writing of history,—even upon music and painting. Communism outside of Russia is still undefined, but the impact of communism upon thinking everywhere can already be weighed and estimated.

Hence a book recently published in England called "New Country," a symposium by a group of young self-styled communist poets, fiction writers, and essayists, is of

In the United States, literary communism has taken two very different paths. It has been particularly active in criticism and critical history. Already the history of American literature has been rewritten twice, with some egregious sacrifices of literary qualities to social theories, but also with some bright light shed on certain aspects of the social development which conditioned the most characteristically American writing. Some brilliant criticism of contemporary books also comes from communist critics who, if they usually find what they look for, nevertheless look for some important elements in literary composition that others have neglected. The other and more creative path for American communists has led them into fiction of a sociological nature, descriptions painfully detailed of the suffering and futility of the proletariat or the slipping middle class, studies which deserve the name of fiction only because they deal with characters which move through a narrative. These books have lacked the imagination indispensable to literature, yet they have undoubtedly brought areas of American living into the novel which had been neglected or shunned.

In England the reaction is very different. This book called "New Country" is intensely personal. The stories are rather trivial. The essays are as of one brother slapping another on the shoulder and telling him to persist. The poetry is of the epistolary sort, often splendid in image, but loosely written, uneven, and more like occasional verse written for a club meeting than the contents of an important book. But what is striking is the theme that seems to engage the imagination of most of these young intellectuals. They hint at the class misery of the "depressed areas," but they do not describe them in detail with the almost sadistic passion of the Americans. They rail at popular interpretations of social history, but do not undertake the scholarly labors necessary to attack or disprove. What concerns them is something lovable and healthy in English life, something that they at school or in the country have shared, which must be preserved from the greed of capitalism, which must be made accessible to the wage slaves of a standardized industrialism. And no communism that does not preserve this Englishness of England, no communism that has no place for the sporting spirit, the love of gardens, the green and pleasant England of Blake's dream, interests them except as a theory of living for somewhere else, and for other men not English.

Is there significance in this contrast, which, however sketchily presented here, is, we believe, characteristically true? Certainly this hints that Marxism is not the leveler that its enemies fear, or that the faithful expect.

So rapid is the march of civilization in our times that the great Oxford English Dictionary, though its last volume was only published in 1928, has already been found to need a supplementary volume. The reissue of the work which is to appear next month is to include it and so to incorporate a large number of words which have come into common usage during the forty year period in which the Dictionary was in process of publication.

"CAN YOU SPARE FIVE MINUTES OVER A CUP OF COFFEE? I WANT TO GET AT THE PULSE OF THE PEOPLE."

Letters to the Editor:

An Unsolicited Stein Controversy; Mr. Redman Champions Helen Waddell

Stein Song

Sir: To me there have been just two books that are what books ought to be—bursting with the vitality of the writer. They are to my mind "Lorenzo in Taos" and "The Autobiography of Alice Toklas."

Both books are about a thousand times more alive than any others I have read for some years. One a gorgeous piece of exhibitionism from a woman who has something *to* exhibit and the other the simplest story in the world of the biggest woman going.

But what I meant in writing was just beloved William James might have lived to read it.

I am rather meanly charmed that the frank Gertrude is not enamored with one Barnes of the pictures which he won't let anybody see unless they come with a million credentials.

I am becoming merely gossipy, I see.

DOROTHEA MOORE

Los Angeles, Cal.

Immense Ego

Sir: Gertrude Stein, who until recently, was absolutely unknown to the great rank and file of American readers, seems suddenly to have become the shining example to which all would hitch their chariots. However, there are some of us who are not quite willing to be blinded by such sudden brilliance.

Gertrude Stein's only claim for fame would seem to be that she is the exponent of a "Cubist" movement in literature which apparently only those satellites that gleam through the void of her "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" can understand or appreciate. Certainly the present adulation must be manna to her egotistical soul, for no one can read this biography without perceiving the immense ego of the woman. Does not Gertrude Stein's name appear in nearly every line in capital letters where no other capitals are to be found? To one outside the magic circle it would appear that her chief aim in life was to foist herself and her scatterbrained "art" on the gullible public. Our only prayer is that this bubble of delusion will soon burst.

Miss Stein's rambling, disjointed attempt at autobiography leaves one with a feeling of exasperation and weariness. She violates every rule of grammar and expression with impunity for no other reason, as Galsworthy stated in his admirable little essay on Expression, "but from a sedulous desire to be unexpected and futuristic at all costs." We do not doubt but what Miss Stein knows more or less other reason than to pay homage at the throne of the greatest figure in twentieth century literature, (her opinion) and so confused does she become in keeping her chess men in their proper squares that she needs must begin every other paragraph with "But to return * * *."

One feels that Miss Stein would do well to plant her feet on her native soil once again and take stock of herself. At any rate let's hope she takes Old Quercus's admonition in *The Saturday Review* of September 2nd, to heart.

PHILIP N. ROYAL

Seattle, Wash.

Critical Fair Play

Sir:—The review by Ernest Sutherland Bates of Helen Waddell's "Peter Abelard," in your issue of September 30th, impresses me as so notably inadequate and uninforming that I find myself writing a letter; an act into which, as a rule, I must be either bludgeoned or dynamited. The least that Mr. Bates might have done, it seems to me, was to take some notice of Miss Waddell's established position as an author and a scholar; for, however high her reputation may be in certain circles, there is every likelihood that many potential readers of "Peter Abelard" have heard nothing of her. Instead of writing an opening paragraph so ambiguous that one could well come away from it with the idea that Miss Waddell is an American writer of fiction, Mr. Bates might have paid his passing devoirs to those exquisite, accurate, and vivacious works of English scholarship which bear her name: "Mediaeval Latin Lyrics," and "The Wandering Scholars." Comparing, as was proper, her version of Abelard's story with George Moore's treatment of the same theme, he might have informed his readers that the one was the product of great learning while the other was the product of comparative ignorance. He is nothing less than misleading when he writes: "with Moore in mind, this 'Peter mouth." The point is that, on whatever other grounds Mr. Bates may criticize Miss Waddell's work, he cannot condemn it for its "thinness." The point is that, whereas Moore spun out a little knowledge delightfully, Helen Waddell has given us the distillation of much knowledge. It was, and remains, the critic's right to prefer Moore's story to Miss Waddell's; but he should have presented and clarified the various factors entering into a just comparison of the two. And as for prose,—well, I for one think that Miss Waddell, at her average and at her best, has no cause to yield place to Moore's much praised best and average. That however is mere opinion; and this letter is concerned only with critical fair play.

BEN RAY REDMAN

New York City.

Is Shakespeare Dead?

Sir: "Is Shakespeare dead?" asked Mark Twain. Echo and I answer, "Is he?" for on page 80 of Logan Pearsall Smith's "On Reading Shakespeare" I got a start. Smith quotes ten lines of "Macbeth," and in them are the titles of nine modern books, even to a detective story. Precisely* substituting the author's name in place of the Shakespearean words of his title, the passage reads:

STEPHEN McKENNA, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace, FERDYNAND GOETEL,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And H. M. TOMLINSON has lighted fools
The way to CLIFTON ROBBINS. Out, out, ALDOUS HUXLEY!
Life's but an ALFRED NOYES, a SHIRLEY WATKINS
That struts and frets his ANN PINCHOT,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
ROSE MACAULAY, full of WILLIAM FAULKNER,
Signifying nothing.

It almost makes sense even that way.

H. G. CASTOR

Philadelphia, Pa.

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* Or, nearly—I cut off a "This" from the Watkins' title, and a plural from the Huxley.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE WOODS COLT. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. *Harcourt, Brace.* A tale of love and outlawry in the Ozark Mountains.

AH, WILDERNESS. By EUGENE O'NEILL. *Random House.* The comedy just produced by the Theatre Guild.

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH. By VERA BRITTAIN. *Macmillan.* A chronicle of the war years by a woman who reached her majority during them.

This Less Recent Book:

EARTH HORIZON. By MARY AUSTIN. *Houghton Mifflin.* An autobiography which is a saga of American life.

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William McFee's Romantic Code

NO CASTLE IN SPAIN. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

WHAT becomes of romance, if you tell your story with honesty and common sense, is a question that often presents itself to our disillusioned generation. If you imagine your actual self in the role of Sir Galahad or Lara or Rudolf Rassendyll, do you think their lives would continue to seem romantic to you while you were leading them? The problem was treated by Conrad in his "Romance," and it is treated again by Mr. McFee in this book whose title is a negation of one of the stock symbols of romanticism. Conrad's answer was that romance is *dort, wo du nicht bist;* his hero finds that his adventures are romantic in anticipation and sometimes in retrospect, but in present fact he finds them annoying and himself inadequate. Mr. McFee's answer is similarly discouraging to the youth who would set out to seek his fortune: if in the present world you try to order your life according to a romantic code, you will find that your whole universe dissolves; but if when adventures fall in your way you go at them in a sensible and realistic fashion, you may incidentally obtain a romantic reward.

His hero, who tells the story and combines the roles of protagonist and chorus to comment on the action, is an American liaison officer for a holding company interested in engineering; it is his business to obtain concessions from governments and landowners in Latin America. He has had two unhappy marriages, and regards himself as permanently inoculated against imaginative love. He becomes acquainted with, and mildly interested in, an American girl called Yvonne, while carrying on a casual affair with her roommate. But he is dragged deeper into Yvonne's affairs when she marries the great Don Federico de Manningbury, a South American of English descent and fabulous wealth, who lives on his estates in feudal power and baroque magnificence, and who combines the arrogance of the Tory squire, the Castilian hidalgo, and—toward his women—the Moorish sultan. Yvonne cannot endure her pompous prison and runs away, and the hero, being sent to South America at that time, finds her in need of protection and himself faced with the task of rescuing her from monseigneur her husband. He is determined not to be involved in any amorous complications; he constantly compares himself, with cynical annoyance, to Sir Galahad, and as long as he can keeps up the belief that he means to turn her over to her original fiancé in New York; but in spite of himself he falls into the part, not of Galahad but of Lancelot, and even against his will has the first perfect love of his life. And this is apparently a reward from the fates for acting sensibly, for the actual business of rescuing is not only prosaic, but humdrum. There might be danger from Don Federico, and also from the ubiquitous revolutionary army that marches through every Latin American novel; but as it turns out there is none. The hero explains the situation to Don Federico, Yvonne returns to the Casa Manningbury for a short time to save Don Federico's face, and then Don Federico consents to let her go.

One cannot help being a good deal disappointed in Don Federico. One expected better, or at least more Byronic, things of him. His character as it was presented led one to suppose that he would try to seize his wife, kill her protector, and put her into a convent; and his acceptance of defeat by the world of realism is both unconvincing psychologically and unsatisfying to the reader's expectation.

Throughout the book, in short, the hero has too easy a time. One feels that Mr. McFee is making too good a case for common sense and taking things easily. Romanticism may be dying, but, one feels, in the mountains of Colombia it would die harder, and sell its life dearer, than it does in the person of Don Federico.In Conrad's "Romance" the reader at once penetrates to the author's confidence; he perceives that for all the fighting, this is to be a book about romance in which there is no romance; and he is able to take a superior pleasure in the continued disappointments of the callow hero. But the purpose of "No Castle in Spain" is not made equally evident; it is only as it develops that one learns that this is to be an adventure story with no adventures; that is, the disappointment is suffered not by the hero but by the reader.

James Hilton's Fantasy

LOST HORIZON. By James Hilton. New York: William Morrow. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

MR. HILTON in this book joins those many writers who have made the alluring and usually fatal journey into Xanadu. He has already shown a certain fondness for the fortuitous and the improbable, and it is not surprising that his latest book should be about a mysterious lamasery in one of those familiar, uncharted, and inaccessible valleys of Thibet. There are grim opportunities for nonsense in such a theme, and it is pleasant to record that Mr. Hilton has avoided all of them.

In justice both to the author and his readers one cannot reveal the plot of this novel: for like "Outward Bound," "Lost Horizon" depends upon a gradual increase in suspense, and the secret is not discovered until the story is more than half way through. Four Europeans, flying from Afghanistan to Peshawar, simply disappear; the British government gives them up for lost; their friends forget them. Actually they have been spirited away to the lamasery of Shangri-la, perched above its sunlit valley, and sheltered from the icy plateau winds, from explorers, from governments, and from time itself. Mr. Hilton, as an Anglo-Saxon writer, is inclined to treat this place and its inhabitants with an exaggerated courtesy; his fantasy is sometimes too studiously delicate, too ponderously fragile.

But only sometimes. The enjoyment of fantasy is not a matter of belief but of acquiescence, and it is all to Mr. Hilton's credit that for the most part we are quite willing to acquiesce. True, there are dangerous moments. The almost inaccessible "pale pavilions" of Shangri-la have central heating, modern American bathrooms, the best books up to 1930, and a grand piano. All travelers in Xanadu, however delicately they walk, are in great peril of bathos: and in the matter of pianos and plumbing Mr. Hilton stumbles into something of a pit—as indeed, lacking that exquisite sense of humor which is essential to perfect fantasy, it was almost inevitable that he should. But he manages to climb out with a good deal of skill.

In any case, it would be a pity to spoil one's very real pleasure in this book by taking it too seriously. It is diversion, all the more charming because it is written by a man who knows how to think, none the less pleasant because it is very slight. It quite definitely establishes Mr. Hilton as a writer to read now and to watch for in the future.

Kidding the Drama

THEATRE GUYED. By Newman Levy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

A FEW months ago I read—in *The American Spectator,* if a fast-fading memory is not more treacherous than usual—an article on the decline and fall of light verse. It was a wail for the dear, dead days of Praed and Locker and Calverley and Dobson and Bunner and Field (I am not sure whether all these masters were listed categorically) and all it needed was the *ubi sunt* refrain to have made it a prose ballade about the demigods of yesteryear. The answer to the implied question, "Where are the writers of good light verse?" is, obviously and monosyllabically, "Here." And the reply to the inquiry, "What has become of *vers de société?*" is that it has become sharper, shapelier, somewhat more bitter but certainly better than ever.

Since the time of Guy Wetmore Carryl, one of the first to broaden the confines of "social" verse, light verse in America has grown more broadly humorous, more biting, sometimes more bad-tempered—but it has grown. Without sacrificing dispatch and subtlety, it has changed from polite persiflage to ironic commentary. The spirit is not merely one of mockery; it has turned from social badinage to criticism.

No contemporary has sharpened light verse with a keener critical edge than Newman Levy. Just as Carryl burlesqued the story element in nursery rhymes, parables, and fairy tales, so Levy reduces the "plots" of operas and dramas to gay ridicule. Like Carryl, he luxuriates in a variety of odd verse-forms, his rhyming is breath-taking, the sense of play is alternately delicate and broad. Readers of the earlier "Opera Guyed" will not need to be reminded of the bright malice of Levy's (not Bizet's) "Carmen," of his happy onslaught on "Hamlet," which accomplished the miracle of being a Hamlet that was funny *and* vulgar, and the impudence of his brilliantly rhymed "Thais," which Anatole France would have relished. "Theatre Guyed," the prime product of "the later Levy," is a sequel that is not, as is the case with most sequels, a decline.

"Strange Interlude" is, perhaps, the most brilliant piece in the new volume. Its comedy is a queer blend of satire and slapstick; its rhyming is flawless, and it contains this year's one perfect, pornographic, and most appropriate pun.

Scarcely less amusing and adroit are the intricately woven "Rain;" the mélange of a hundred romantic musical comedies entitled "The Belle of the Balkans," which might be the annual libretto for the perennial Sigmund Romberg; the devastating paraphrase of "Cyrano" who "had the noblest Roman of them all"; the nightmare of Chekhov, Tolstoy, and Dostoievsky which Levy calls "The Three Cherry Sisters Karamazov"; and the light-hearted disposal of the Shakespeare-Bacon problem—to say nothing of the Jewish problem—in "The Merchant of Venice."

Since this is presumably a critical ap-

STRANGE INTERLUDE
Drawn by Rea Irvin for "Theatre Guyed"

praisal, it should be added that "East Lynne" is so true to its *genre* that it is something of a bore, that "Othello" is chiefly to be commended for its ingenious internal rhyme-pattern, and that "Trilby" is flatly a failure. But what are even three theatrical failures measured against eleven "outstanding successes," especially if the reader bears in mind that the entire book will cost less and last longer—it is substantially bound—than a ticket for any one of the dramas Levy has made it unnecessary for him to attend. If this proves nothing else, it proves the vitality of the corpse which refuses to remain buried as light verse.

Rockwell Kent's Book

ROCKWELLKENTIANA, FEW WORDS AND MANY PICTURES. By Rockwell Kent. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

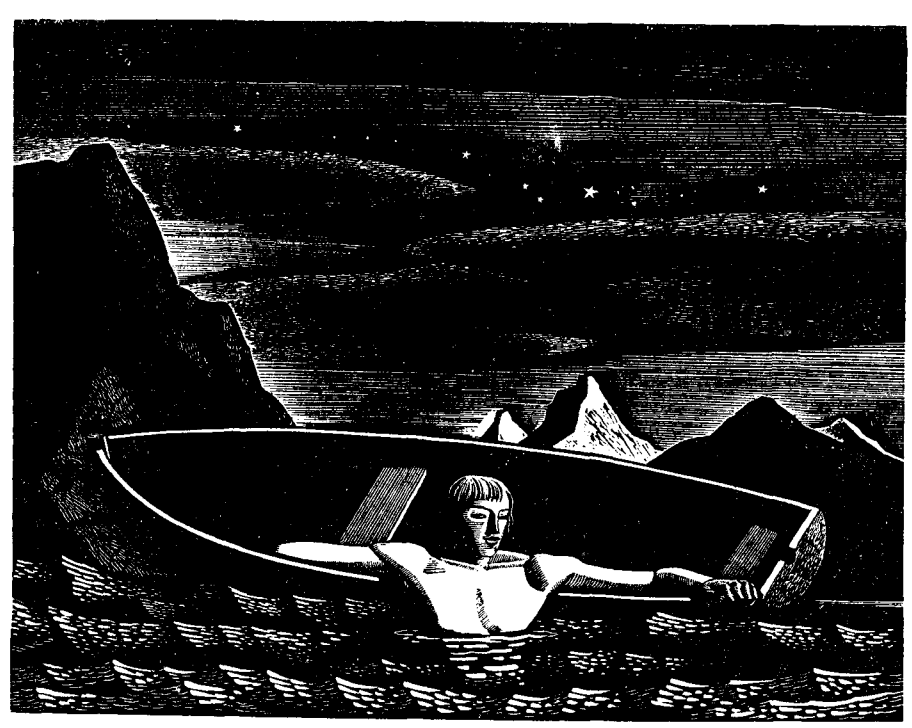
IN this beautifully made book, aside from the many pictures, there i brief comments by the artist on and life, published from manuscript or printed from books, catalogues, and m azines. There is also a check-list of his wood engravings and lithographs and a bibliography of his writings and illustrations, compiled by **Carl Zigrosser.**

Mr. Kent has his ideas about art, and expresses them forcefully. In these fragmentary comments he pays his respects to the art of the school, to American dependence upon European art and European culture generally, to the Metropolitan Museum, to advertisers, and to art critics. And whether one agrees with him or not, he is always provocative.

One could disagree at length with his attitude toward American art. He regrets that our constant contact with Europe precluded the development of an American art from primitive American beginnings. But the art of a transplanted, highly sophisticated people can hardly be primitive; it can only be provincial, for primitive art necessarily reflects a primitive mentality. The early art of this country was illiterate reminiscence; there was no way for our artists to improve upon it but to turn to Europe, for the roots of our culture, such as it was, were there.

One could agree at equal length with Mr. Kent's strictures upon the attitude of the Metropolitan Museum toward American art. He thinks it would be interesting to know "what would be a court's judgment upon the administration of the Hearn Fund or the buying of Sorollas, or a court's reflection upon not buying Homers until they're sky-high, passing up Ryders entirely, and ignoring contemporary art in general." Considering our judges, I should say that a court's opinion in these matters would be worthless. That of artists and art-lovers is much more important, and it has been aired often enough. Intelligent directors would buy many works by contemporary American artists as low prices, knowing that the rise in value of those approved by time would more than compensate for mistakes in judgment.

Like many artists, Mr. Kent bears a



WOODCUT FROM "ROCKWELLKENTIANA"

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not altogether unreasonable grudge against critics. There is no question that a great deal of pompous nonsense has been written about art by people with more presumption than capacity. Yet I wonder whether the pretentious mediocrity of the school would be as discredited in the public mind as it now is, or the work of genuine artists as widely recognized, if modern art had been left to make its way without critical apologists to explain in words, which most people understand better than they do pictures, that vapid sentimentality is not art, or that significance in art has little to do with subject and a great deal to do with what Renoir called "the passion that is in the artist" and his talent for communicating it to others. It is highly desirable, no doubt, as Mr. Kent suggests, that the critic shall be himself an artist; but the combination of creative and critical ability is unfortunately rare. And it would be hard to prove that the critical work of an Elie Faure, which has opened the eyes of so many to the meaning of art, has been wholly without value because the author did not happen himself to be a painter or a sculptor.

No critic, of course, can do more than say what he likes or doesn't like. And when it comes to Mr. Kent's pictures, this reviewer, assuming for the moment the scorned mantle of the critic, must frankly admit that she does not like all of them by any means. There is a quality of preciousness in many of them which is rather reminiscent of the later work of Arthur B. Davies. They don't ring true. Mr. Kent likes to wander afield, as Mr. Davies did, painting grandiose landscape. He is fond of vast empty spaces—of Alaska, of Newfoundland, and lately of Greenland. And one is aware, alas! of vast empty spaces in the pictures which those lands have inspired. Perhaps this perpetual flight into the empty spaces has something to do with that sense of sterility which oppresses one in so much of Mr. Kent's work. One wonders whether it cannot be interpreted through his fondness for drawing human figures standing out large against—not in—landscapes whose immensity is reduced to insignificance by distance. Possibly they indicate the painter's refusal to identify himself with the world he lives in—and man apart from his world becomes meaningless.

* *

Suzanne La Follette, formerly editor of The New Freeman, *is the author of "Art in America."*

Dorothy Canfield's Story of Vermont

BONFIRE. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie

ONE of the most disheartening things about the best popular novels is the fact that almost invariably they utilize material inherently sound, handle it with deftness, concision, sincerity, and a high degree of intelligence, and yet fail dismally to rise above the level of decent commercial writing. Discount the meretricious many that are written with an eye directly on the market and the movies—and it is difficult to believe Mrs. Fisher's latest novel is not written out of genuine emotion—and there is still lacking a quality that may be difficult to define but can always be recognized; a quality that can take this material and with the same integrity of purpose and emotion make of it something deeply expressive of human life and, as such, enduring.

"Bonfire" will provide a type-specimen of the former; it possesses the foundations and framework of a nobler structure. Set in a Vermont village, abounding in a multiplicity of well-observed characters and contrapuntal themes, it leaps from situations dramatic to conflicts flagrantly melodramatic, wallowing on occasion in the most vicious type of sentimentality (cats and dogs in this book think not only in concrete imagery, but also in words), and resolving, in the end, into almost a parody of sweetness and light. Yet in the course of this many-sided story there are situations and characters that possess something that closely resembles the blood and bone of life. There is the spectacle of a promising physician ruined by a completely diabolical woman (Marlene Dietrich should play her on the screen); there are the many lives touched and altered by this woman: Anna the doctor's sister, a character of undeniable vitality, Father Kirby who lives on a plane of almost unalloyed spirituality, the richly humorous old sisters Miss Bessie 'n' Gussie, the mountain families, and those of the town.

All these characters with their petty humanity and pettier interests, all these situations with their firm roots in the characters from which they spring, might conceivably have been welded into a whole that would have further illuminated the human mind and heart, that would have been capable of commanding more than the easy sentiments of the movie-minded. Yet in Mrs. Fisher's hands they do no more than this. She can, with enviable skill, present a character in the round, reveal his outward aspect and his inner aspirations; when, however, she places that character in a dramatic situation, a situation that should, more than any other, point up his final differences from other human beings, she overflows into the most lush and specious vapors, warping both situation and character almost beyond human recognition. This, perhaps, marks the difference between the literary artist and the accomplished popular novelist: the ability to feel his characters in their entirety, to present them whole.

Superfluous Satire

GAY LIFE. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by Stanley Went

FROM the time that "Tension" came out, a good many years ago, one has got into the habit of looking to Miss Delafield for gay but searching criticism of contemporary life. And usually one is not disappointed. Her new book is called "Gay Life"; but that is about the only gay thing about it, for a more deplorable lot of people have seldom been brought together between the covers of a novel. It ends in the suicide of one of the few decent characters in the book, and one could wish that the whole herd of Gadarene swine had followed him and his car over the steep place on the Corniche Road.

There is no doubt, of course, of the existence of people like the gang that came fortuitiously together in a small hotel on the Côte d'Azur, and the author is fully entitled to have her scornful fun with them; but they are such a sorry lot that one wonders all the time why Miss Delafield, who is quite capable of playing leviathans, should waste her talents on such small fry. However, there they all are, the most pernicious type of post-war English people, for whose obscene vagaries it is altogether too charitable to blame a comparatively clean piece of bestiality like the war. There is the sex-obsessed grass widow, with her unfortunately decent son and his most carnal tutor; there are a pimpish young man and his polyandrous wife; a petite woman novelist, avid for experience that she can put into a book, and her mercenary companion; a pseudo-gentlemanly courier with his underdeveloped daughter, the "hotel child"; and finally there is a pestilential young semi-male secretary, a psychopathic case, whose distressing introspection and quasi-amorous adventure with the female novelist engage the greater proportion of the reader's time. By way of contrast are a few decent people—an attractive Welsh family, an American millionaire, the cynical employer of the dreadful secretary.

All of these people live and move in the pages of Miss Delafield's book by reason of the author's undeniable gift of characterization. It is satire all right, but one feels that these rubbishy scalawags are not worth the effort that Miss Delafield spends to spit them. And there is not a character in her book with whom one can really sympathize—not even the luckless son of the nymphomaniac grass widow.

America's Cultural Crisis

AMERICA IN SEARCH OF CULTURE. By William Aylott Orton. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by Frank Ernest Hill

OF the Americans the author says: "There was probably never a great people so eager to hear itself talked about." The millions of us who daily prove the truth of this assertion can turn to this thoughtful and provocative volume with an assurance of being entertained and challenged. For Mr. Orton comes to his theme with an unusual equipment, and uses it with a skill and judiciousness which command attention.

An Englishman, he brings an objective point of view; a resident of America for some years, he brings understanding and sympathy; an economist, he presents a creative conception of social conditions which is just now particularly pertinent. In addition, he knows American history in no small degree, and is a highly intelligent commentator on the arts and their relation to society. Add to all this a keen awareness of the passing panorama of American life, and what more could an American desire of an author about to pass judgment upon him?

DIEGO RIVERA AT WORK ON A MURAL
From "America in Search of Culture"

In getting at the American search for culture, Mr. Orton makes an informal inquiry as to what culture may be expected to grow from. He finds certain elements favorable to it. Important among these are economic security, liberty—both of body and of mind, work that has a meaning for the worker, and the ability to escape from the worst tyrannies which modern life imposes.

He reminds us that only as they have been members of favored classes have men found such roots of culture in the past. America has unfortunately grown in a way to supply such elements less richly even than other nations. Naturally, the white settlers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did not have time to establish much of a social order. What they created lacked entirely the depth of European society, slowly matured through centuries. The eighteenth century, a century of rationalism, put its stamp upon the young American nation, giving it, according to Mr. Orton, the habit of attempting to govern and live by theory. Life, instead of making itself felt in law as a *lived* thing, thus was called upon, before it was born, to be what the law makers thought it was. However, in the period between the birth of Franklin and the death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson (1826) Mr. Orton finds "the first—perhaps the only—true cycle of American culture." For by the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century two factors had already become dominant which were to rule American life for the next hundred years—"the size of the country and the coincidence of its settlement with the spread of credit economy."

Both of these worked to create unstable and hurtful conditions. The drastic changes of filling a continent with a rapidity never known before did not permit the growth of a society with a life tested by the slow experience of men. And the rapidity of settlement was made possible by a financial exploitation of resources and men that has left America today peculiarly dominated by the profit motive.

In his later chapters Mr. Orton shows in some detail how life works under such a social order. He explores in "Salvation by Linotype" the world of print in which Americans live, and finds it on the whole discouraging. Only in book publishing and the less popular magazines is the profit incentive intelligently modified. In the movies—where American producers at first showed originality and promise—the desire for gain has brought results which he justly compares unfavorably with the best European films. Radio in his opinion makes a showing as bad or worse, particularly in contrast with carefully controlled British broadcasting. Even in education, where the American effort has been particularly earnest, the results have been disappointing.

American creative effort in the arts has suffered badly from such practice. For not only has the practice directly forced the artist into subservience to ends which destroy him, but it has also tended to prevent the growth of a normal American society. There is little in American life, Mr. Orton thinks, that American artists have been able to use. And, he argues, where the artist cannot find sources of inspiration in the society from which he stems, his problem is well nigh insoluble.

However, Mr. Orton does not think the struggle hopeless. He finds American artists turning from the financial-political veneer of American life to the reality of the things and people which exist beneath it. Here there is hope. If a revolution can be achieved in our forms of controlling life, if the financial and mechanistic tyrannies can be upset and a wiser ordering of life achieved, there is vitality which carries its tremendous promise. He finds a heartening element in the "American tradition," which, as he forcefully interprets it, "bids us try this means and that means and the other means, with our eyes fixed on the goal, and try and fail and try again, and in the end get there," though he sees too little tendency in America-of-the-depression to follow this courageous and difficult ideal.

In all this, and in much more on the nature of art and society and America, Mr. Orton gives material for speculation and action. He has exposed shrewdly many fundamental weaknesses of the "American experiment," and in relating economics and esthetics, politics and social practice, has given a fresh treatment of an ancient but still exciting theme.

To me the chief defect of the book as logic lies in the lack of emphasis on the forces in American life which oppose the empty rationalism, the financial domination of cultural impulse, and the mechanistic aspect of living which Mr. Orton so vividly presents. As menaces to culture these sinister elements are not too strongly pictured. Yet the impression that their unreality is all that American culture has to feed upon is misleading.

Also, the book lacks something in organization. Easily and often eloquently written, its range of material and especially its arrangement present a certain turgidity. The chapters do not track easily, but give the impression of having originally been a series of separate studies on related subjects, assembled with an attempt at unity which did not quite succeed. But the reader will find what he wants if he is thoughtful, and can make his own synthesis.

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The Bowling Green

Footnotes for a Centennial

(Haverford College, 1833-1933)

I.

UNDER the desk on which I wrote this poem
You'll find a lot of words I did not use.
I bought a basket into which to throw 'em,
Thinking this too ominous a time
To sentimentalize, or choose
The curlicues
Of overcurious rhyme.
A literary secret, justly guarded:
First stanzas usually should be discarded.

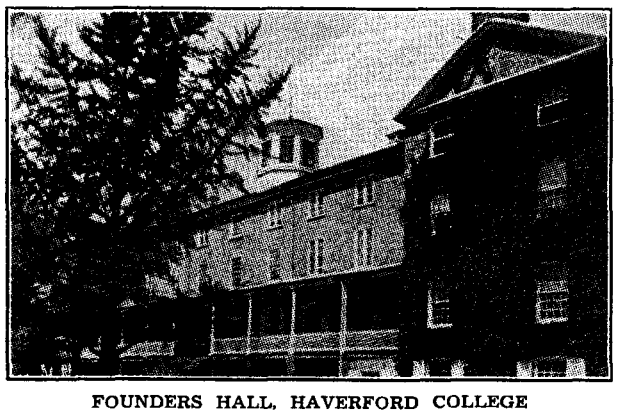
The poet has to prime his mind with words
To start some gush of meaning from the well
Of clear dark thought. Too often, as he knows,
Verse turns to blind man's buff; the bandaged wit
Grabbing the nearest syllables that fit;
He can foretell
Youth-truth, first-thirst, crave-gave, or *magic spell*
Chiming with *Founders' bell.*
Rhyme leads us to what algebra called surds.
O for a poem with the quality of prose!
(This, perhaps, is it.)
So in our choice of stimulative words
I'll take an easy one, if you allow—
Perhaps a cruel one. The word is *Now.*

II.

To see life steadily and see it whole
Was once your earnest counsel. It was odd,
I've sometimes thought; such purview is the sole
Prerogative of madmen, or of God.
We've seen life most unsteadily; in part;
A thousand jigsaws, pattern still unguessed;
The colors not divided black and white
But blended with infinity of art—
Such casuistry, paradox and jest—
And beauty, that we thought would be so rare,
Why, beauty everywhere!
O, in despite
Of all your admonition to be wise
How often we have had to improvise
Our Wrong and Right.
Such heavy doors that turned on flimsy hinges,
No wonder that our moral sense had twinges.
Even Philosophy IV (a B from Rufus)
Or Philosophy V (a C from Ike)
Did not altogether armor-proof us
Campaigning for the Beautiful-and-Good
(Indeed they never promised that they would.)
And where was tender conscience, said to be our guide?
Perplexed we cried
"I don't even know just what I like."

III.

So it's more intricate—and much more fun—
Than we supposed. Reasonably I shun
The edge of self-destroying irony:
It would be too grotesque, the apostate son
To lecture you on his theology.
And, if you argue with a Quaker, he
Retreats with earnest face
Inside his carapace
Of inward Certainty.
Some of the ancient rituals have changed



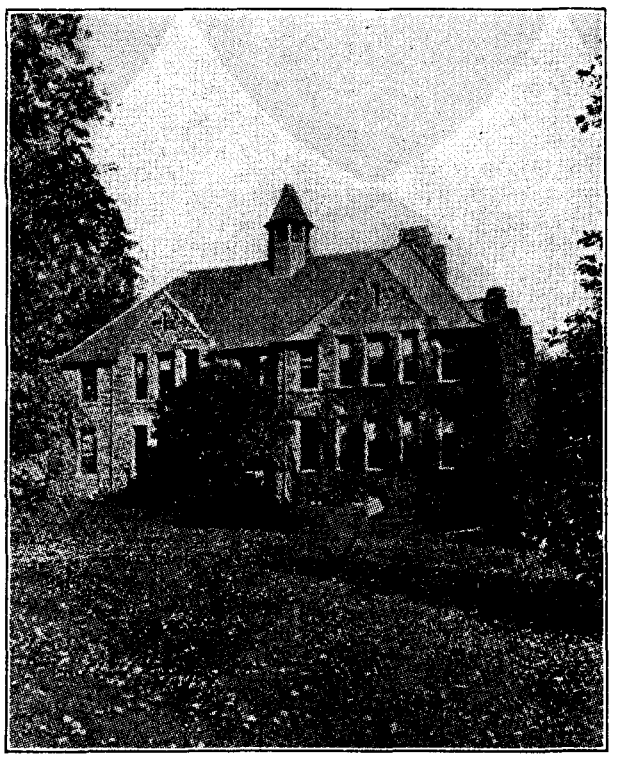
FOUNDERS HALL, HAVERFORD COLLEGE

But God perhaps was unaware
That they were ever there
And does not know or care they have been rearranged.
Science gives old riddles a new name
But underneath, and still the same,
Finds everything converging into one;
Rejects the merely human,
The hopes of man and woman,
For waves of radiant energy so august
We are not even dust.
But whoever has humbly known
Some worship of his own
Has honor for all creeds. Each with a private prism
Refracts the white glare of noon
Into the colors that he needs for his own mysticism.
Are not Enzyme and Hormone,
Gods of the chemist, names to carve on stone?
And which is truly the more deadly sin—
Against the Holy Ghost, or against Vitamin?

If I were talking to the undergraduate
I should be more discreet. He thinks to question
Too wantonly is a form of indigestion—
Something bad you ate. It gets his goat, he's
Unfamiliar with litotes,
And he'll take
Metaphors from William Blake
That he wouldn't
Accept from a fellow student.
So I'm also prudent:
Most of my speculation on this topic, if you ask it,
Went into the basket.

IV.

But what, I wonder, happened to that Now?
That morning freshness on the brow
Clear as a Wordsworth ode, frosty and sweet—
Only a moment ago we were on our way to Chase Hall
(The bell; the sudden crackle of many feet;
The sparrows loud in ivy on the wall)
To hear Old English Ballads—the best loved voice of all:



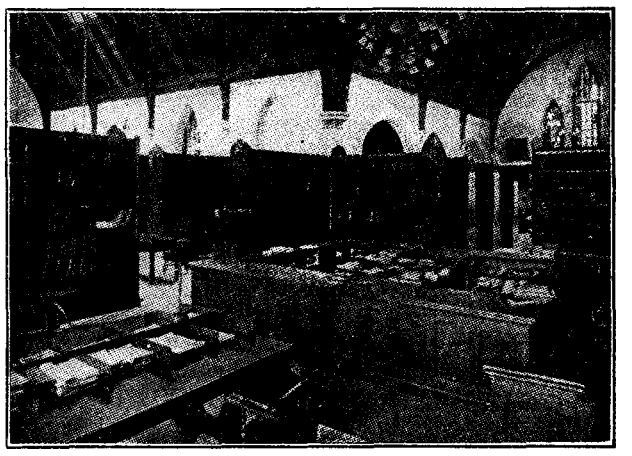
CHASE HALL

O where hae ye been, Lord Randal my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?
I hae been to the wildwood; Mither mak' my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wad lie doun.

That Now is become Then—
A faded paper and a crusted pen;
What can I tell you that will bring it here again?
The old red booklets for examination,
The gowns the seniors wore to Ethics recitation
Or blown behind them on the path to Fifth Day meeting;
The dripping tunnel at the railroad station,
The clatter of our somewhat hasty eating;
The curious smell
At Founders' eastern entry,
Mixed of an old maid's parlor and a pantry;
Or Barclay when we called it Freshman Hell—
It was partitioned after,
To check the class of 1910's ill-conditioned laughter—
Barclay, whose lights went black in every pane
As we trudged upward from the midnight train
And went to bed by candle.
Or punts on Walton Field—exploding thud
Of ball on boot; the jerseys streaked with mud;
The smell of Dr. Babbitt's pistol on the track—
No; catalogues don't bring it back.
We've been to the wildwood, like Lord Randal. . . .
I fear we are poisoned, my handsome young men. . . .

O yes, we are poisoned; with anxiety and haste,
With all the drugs and hurries of the world,
With noise and farce and wonder—and we love it!
You'd be surprised to know what toleration
The system can develop for that poison.
The vast uncaring comedy and confusion
Tries to smother or to disillusion
Everything worth while to think or write
Until you say to mind's quick molecules
Come on, you little fools—
Fight, team, fight!

This Now, the Now here with us, is our drug:
We're addicts; we must have it; more and more.
Give us this day our daily Now, we say;
Charge the hour with sharper sense of being.
Gods have no Present, Past, or ıture; they are filled



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With everlasting and inherent,
But Man, the hopeful-willed, the son and parent,
Feels the pressure of that noble pain,
The suture in the brain, the aching seam
That joins his fact and dream
And bids him build, decreeing
That what he has to lose, let others gain.

We've been to the wildwood, but we've not forgotten.
Boys become men:
Give them a Now to love and honor and uplift
When, O so swift,
Now becomes Then.

V.

A parable of purely local span
I see in Harry Carter, the good Yorkshireman,
Husband of our ample slopes of lawn.
In olden time (when you and I were nippers)
His grasscutter was drawn
By a horse, whose name I forget, in leather slip
But anonymous horse yields to the machine:
Comes the new mower, run by gasolene,
An engine of fierce clamor and ignition.
In Chase Hall, under gruelling tuition
(Probably Dr. Mustard's freshman Latin,
One of the toughest classes that we sat in)
Observe an anxious group, each nervous wight
Waiting the moment when he must recite.
But lo, outdoors, through drowsy gold of spring
Our Harry rides the roaring reeking thing.
Diverted willingly from Latin, French,
Or Calculus, all mark the noise and stench,
And Harry, seeing signals of despair,
Chivalrously guides his engine there:
Uproar fills the academic air.
A blessing on thee, Harry;
Thou and thy mechanical charivari
Have sometimes given merciful postponement
To the numbskull's crisis of atonement,
And spared him for at least a minute
From opening his mind to show there's nothing in it.

A parable, I said—I think I meant
That though the noises of the loud event
And all the tohu-bohu subsequent
Outclamor quiet hours of classroom talk,
The loose-leaf notebooks and the smell of chalk,
Yet, when the traffic fades away,
How clear those moments are in resumé. . . .
Namoore of this, for Goddes dignitée
You shout, with Chaucer's host.
I end it where I love it most,
By the old greenhouse arch, where once there grew
The roses that James Russell Lowell knew.
We need not be too humble in our cue,
We've roses still. I know one that will never shed:
The letter where John Keats's passion burned
Even the black ink tawny. He who has bled
Upon that branch of thorn, that paper rose,
He may have learned
More than the textbook knows,
More than the record shows.

A curious symbol, our old ruined arch:
It enters nothing, it stands empty to the air.
But through a door so open, men might march
To anywhere.
And though they never find the Golden Fleece,
And though they never live the Golden Age,
The purposes of peace
Are all their equipage.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The Progress of Medicine

THE GREAT DOCTORS. By Henry E. Sigerist. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by LOGAN CLENDENING

WHEN, in 1929, the Johns Hopkins University dedicated their new Institute of Medical History, there was not a little difficulty in finding a suitable person to act as rector of the institution. The Muse of medical history is quite exacting of its devotees. Not only must they have a working knowledge of practical medicine in all its branches and all the sciences, and some acquaintance with the methods of historical research, must be fluent in the four major modern languages and classical Greek and Latin, but they must also be able to read medieval Latin, which is a very different thing from classical Latin (and medieval English, German, and French), and have had some practical experience in deciphering manuscripts, and even a knowledge of Arabic and Egyptian.

In the United States there were some accomplished amateurs but few men who had those requirements and, as was the case in Falstaff's catalogue of the three good men unhanged in England, they were not all available. England was in hardly better shape. In Germany, however, for several decades the study of the history of medicine had been carefully cultivated. There were several chairs of the history of medicine and the stream of scholarship in this line had been given wholesome direction. To Germany, at any rate, the directors of the institute went and appointed Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, a comparatively young man, who had graduated from the University of Zurich in 1917 and who had held chairs in the history of medicine at Zurich and, as at the time of his appointment, at the University of Leipzig. To Baltimore, then, Dr. Sigerist came in 1931. His principal interests, at least his present interests, are in ninth and tenth century medical manuscripts.

In spite of his monumental learning he has not lost the common touch, as the volume under review will show. "The Great Doctors," it goes without saying, is a scholarly book and no challenge of its statements could possibly be made. It is also gracefully and interestingly written and Dr. Sigerist has realized what things would be of interest to the general rather than to the special reader and in that respect has kept his proportions true. The whole course of medical history is covered, from the days of Egypt until the present. The first chapter is devoted to Imhotep, the great Egyptian physician who was deified, and there are chapters on Hippocrates, Galen, Constantine of Africa, Pietro D'Abano, Vesalius, Harvey, Boerhaave, Jenner, Semmelweiss, Pasteur, Koch, Lister, Osler, and many others.

Dr. Sigerist has emphasized practising physicians rather than contributors to the fundamental sciences and has further emphasized in his selections teachers and founders of schools of medical thought. He has also apparently proportioned out a certain number of names to each century. The limitations thus imposed have probably made certain omissions necessary but they are somewhat startling to the student of medicine trained in the grooves of English and American thought.

For instance it seems peculiar that such men as Lower, Mayow, Priestley, Lavoisier, Galvani, and Magendie, who founded the physiology of respiration and of muscle nerve action, should go unnoticed, while such nobodies as Baglivi, Van Swieten, and De Haen, have each a chapter devoted to them. The omission of English names is quite noticeable. There is no account of Fothergill, Huxham, Pott, Withering, Heberden, or the "great men of Guy's," such as Bright, Addison, Hodgkin, Parkinson, and Gull, who, as well as the Irish clinicians Corrigan, Graves, Stokes, and Colles, would, according to all our beliefs, be as important as Corvisart, Pinel, and Broussais, each of whom is accorded half a chapter.

The Americans fare even worse. With the issue of a second edition and his residence in America, Professor Sigerist apparently cast about for an American name and hit on that of William Osler. In this last chapter he polishes off the rest of the American contributions of Drake, McDowell, Beaumont, Holmes, and Sims in a couple of short paragraphs. In the chapter on the control of puerperal fever there is no mention of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and in the whole book no mention of Crawford Long, who first administered ether for surgical anesthesia. The other American pioneers in anesthesia, Wells and Morton, receive a very scant mention in one paragraph.

The book, however, can be wholeheartedly recommended to anyone interested in the history of the natural sciences from a scholarly point of view.

* *

Logan Clendening, professor of clinical medicine in the medical department of the University of Kansas, is the author of "The Human Body" and other medical works, as well as a widely syndicated writer in medical matters. His latest book is "Behind the Doctor."

Dorothy Canfield's new novel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEEPENING STREAM", "HER SON'S WIFE", ETC.

"She made a bonfire of a man," did Lixlee, the little beauty from the back-country who grew up in the town and turned out to be a glamorous, Circe-like creature. The town is a modern Vermont village (and no other writer knows Vermont and Vermonters so well as Dorothy Canfield); its people are the rugged, individualistic sort who don't change much. But Lixlee, with her fatal charm, her passionate voice and wild ways, changed their lives immeasurably—and not for the worse! This unexpected, thoroughly fascinating theme is masterfully developed and shows, says The Book-of-the-Month Club News, "a prime virtue that is sadly uncommon among modern novelists: her understanding of the people she writes about goes so deep that it can be rooted in real kindness, without being in the slightest degree uncritical or less profound." $2.50 at bookstores

BONFIRE

WHILE THEY LAST: A new four-color photograph of Dorothy Canfield in her Vermont garden will be sent to those who request it. Please enclose ten cents to cover handling charges.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

A Biologist Explains the Science of Life

LIFE IN THE MAKING. By Alan Frank Guttmacher, M.D. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

"THE pursuit of any science," says Dr. Guttmacher, "entails a strict discipline—it requires definiteness, accuracy, and system." Add humor, a sense of the dramatic in the ever-recurring phenomena of life, and you get an Oliver Wendell Holmes, a William Osler, a Logan Clendening, and an Alan Frank Guttmacher. Certainly it is more than a coincidence that so often outstanding men of the medical profession, from Sir Thomas Browne to Dr. Munthe, have distinguished themselves in the field of letters. With "Life in the Making" Dr. Guttmacher wins his unqualified admission into this charmed fraternity.

Superstitious awe, in the minds of the great majority of mankind, still surrounds the three great mysteries—birth, begetting, death. The history of science is largely the story of man's struggle to penetrate to the heart of these mysteries. How through the progressive stages of his enlightenment he interpreted his becoming and the perpetual renewal of life, until at last his search led him to the union of two incredibly small bits of protoplasm wherein he found contained the total experience of living matter, forms the plot for Dr. Guttmacher's book. But this is no heavy informative treatise. Without abating one jot of its scientific authority, it abounds in lively and even amusing incident, and the story moves throughout with the vigor and charm of a well-sustained novel. Even for a reviewer to whom the story is fairly familiar, it adds a new and exciting quality. To Dr. Guttmacher both the racial and individual pursuit of scientific truth is unquestionably the great adventure, and he spreads the contagion of his excited interest through every paragraph, whether he speaks of chromosomes, or of twins, opossums, or test-tubes.

In his choice of material from the wealth of knowledge obviously at his command, the author shows an economy and wisdom most admirable for his purpose, while the concise development of his theme permits him to cover a surprising amount of ground and to clarify many a confused idea. He writes only of the biological phenomena of reproduction. Of sexual rhythms, of gland transplantations, of sex determination, of Siamese twins, he writes as vividly as if he were describing a polar expedition. But of the psychological by-products of sex he wisely has here nothing to say. The reader must be forewarned that this is no handbook of love. To marriage he refers only when comparing the behavior of monkeys to that of man, as regards a characteristic displayed by "man and some of the other primates:" namely lagging sex interest which one partner shows toward the other after an association has gone on for some time; and the revivification of sex interest when he is exposed to a new partner."

In his concluding chapter, while attesting to his belief ("after thousands of years have passed, and man knows a great deal more than he knows today") in the "possibility of creating life in glass bottles from lifeless chemicals" and that "creation by any sort of fusion of egg and sperm will be considered antiquated," he frankly concedes the limitations of our present knowledge. "Science denies that any fact concerning the creation of life is unknowable, but on the other hand she readily admits that many of them are still unknown."

Here then is science for the mentally adult layman, written as it should be written and so seldom is; here is a subject concerning which it is hard to believe that any intelligent man or woman could fail to be interested. It should have quite as many readers as Dr. Clendening's "The Human Body." (Why then did the publishers send it forth with the handicap of a jacket whose design cannot fail to repel the intellectually curious, while it arouses only false hopes in the minds of the erotically sentimental?)

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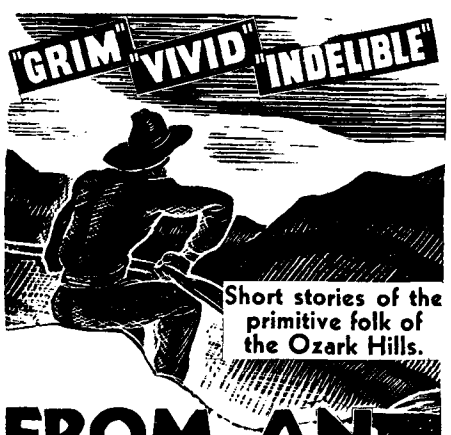

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Sir Arnold Wilson's Study of Persia

PERSIA. By Sir Arnold T. Wilson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by Betty Drury

A CARTOON once published in *Punch* showed a Persian cat sitting uneasily between a Russian bear and a British lion. "I will pat its head," said the bear to the lion, "and you shall stroke its tail." "But I have not been consulted," cried the cat.

It is Great Britain's turn to pat Persia's head, while Russia pulls its tail, in the opinion of Sir Arnold Wilson, leading authority on present-day Persia, in this masterly study of the country which has figured for so many bitter generations as a sphere of contested commercial influence and served as buffer state on the western frontier of Britain's Indian Empire. Sir Arnold feels that Persia's days as an independent, sovereign entity are numbered if she is not supported diplomatically and commercially against Soviet Russia, for the latter, "concurrently with a 'liberal' policy in purely political affairs, is strangling Persia by economic means in a way which Czarist Russia never attempted."

All is not darkness, however, and the Persian is fighting valiantly to maintain a national independence. The recital of the struggle is stirring. It would seem absurd to look for a definite history of a nation compressed within 400-odd pages; the greater is the surprise, therefore, to find this work, embracing Persia's geography, ethnic problems, commerce and industry, transportation and communications, foreign relations, literature, judicial system, irrigation projects and mineral wealth, currency and finance, so thoroughgoing and complete. It will be an invaluable handbook — and entertaining guide—for traveler and business man, government functionary, and political economist. It contains some theory and much fact—what is it that Sir Arnold says about Americans collecting statistics as they do antiques?

Its pleasantest feature, it should be noted, is the friendly and unpatronizing attitude of the author toward his subject. He likes Persia, appreciates the sterling qualities of the Persian; finds him level-headed and humorous, kindly, self-reliant, and a pretty good fellow generally. Cosmopolitan and sophisticate, his striving toward the recovery of the cultural unity of his nation—composed of goodness knows how many races, creeds, and colors —deserves early realization. Accustomed to making the best of things and noted for his adaptation to circumstances, the Persian is turning now to the West, and particularly to France, for inspiration in industrial, cultural, and political thought. And for good or ill, the spirit of progress is upon the land.

Persia, it will be found, has become "air-minded." Climatic conditions are favorable to flying; fog is seldom encountered, while high winds are exceptional. There are many good aerodromes, and planes are proving their usefulness in the transportation of valuable freight—particularly opium. And here Sir Arnold puts in a good word for the much-maligned drug. Why, he asks, for the sake of a few weak-minded addicts in Western countries, should Persia, where the drug is comparatively little abused, be obliged to curtail production of one of her really profitable crops? For the poppy is immune to the onslaught of the locust, as few crops are. Opium may be compactly shipped and the cost of long-distance transportation is as nothing compared with its value. Nor is its use of necessity immoral. "It is the soldier's emergency ration, the muleteer's tonic, and the starveling's solace; it is daily used to ease the pain of thousands of sick and injured men who cannot hope to obtain skilled medical assistance." In European markets it is preferred for the manufacture of morphia.

But it is petroleum, of course, which comes first in Persia's list of exports. Sir Arnold, who was general manager in Mesopotamia, Persia, and the Persian Gulf of the Anglo Persian Oil Company, Ltd., describes the hygienic and educational benefits which came to the country as a result of the discovery of oil-fields, and his words carry conviction.

A chapter on literature (not the best in the book) provides an adequate notion of the cultural background of the Persian (who sets more store by Anwari than Omar Khayyam), shows the Francophile tendencies of modern writers, and the movement away from Islam. There is not space for a discussion of Persia's art. But a really fine section on education demonstrates the hold upon Persia of the French tradition of centralized control, with its corollaries of vocational education, military service, and training in the duties of citizenship, and quotes a little verse of Sádi's (clever people, these Persians) to the effect that education is for those who can profit by it—lines that might well be taught in many an institution outside of Persia:

> Where the innate capacity is good,
> education may make an impression upon it: but no furbisher knows how to give a polish to badly tempered iron.
> Were they to take the ass of Jesus to Mecca, on his return from that pilgrimage he would still be an ass.

The Ancient Art of Fresco Painting

FRESCO PAINTING. By Gardner Hale. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by Alan Burroughs

IN a small volume of about sixty pages of text, the late Gardner Hale has given the essentials of what has wrongly been called a lost art and has translated into simple, practical language the teachings of the famous Cennino Cennini. Mr. Hale announces no new discoveries in the art of fresco painting, which is the art of painting directly on a still wet plaster wall. But he explains that art from the point of a view of a practising artist, instead of from the point of view of an antiquarian. And the illustrations of his own work in fresco assert his workmanlike spirit and skill.

Naturally Mr. Hale's attitude toward fresco painting is reverential, since he was apparently the pioneer of its revival in this country. For him frescoes are living things; "your plaster, born so to speak in the morning, must have lived its life before night. Every instant it has its requirements and at moments when time grows short, its desperate needs. The tendency to work by the watch should make it the most modern of mediums." He believes in a future for fresco painting in America, pointing out that the opportunity is here, "in so far as great wall spaces constitute that opportunity, and in so far as that inner wistful and yearning quality detected in our business men is ready to pay tribute to the need of art." But opportunity, he wisely adds, is not enough.

> Mere wall space will not do; mere opulence, power and cockiness will not do; mere fatness will not do . . . only profound and excited feeling, only a sense of something to say and courage to say it, only, according to Orozco, a prophetic sense, will produce great fresco art.

As for illustrations, it is a pity that more could not have been included, especially in the variety suggested by the eleven plates chosen, which include something from Pompeii, Giotto of course, Ghirlandaijo, Tiepolo, Orozco, and so on. More of this kind in conjunction with the three plates of Mr. Hale's own medievalistic and decorative art, would give a background necessary for the non-expert reader to whom a sense of craftsmanship means little. Additional illustrations of the "prophetic sense," for example, might further stimulate the serious art student to a point where he would actually begin to experiment with Mr. Hale's and Giotto's medium.

* *

Alan Burroughs is a member of the staff of the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University.

"In the last fifteen years or so the sales of Carlyle have fallen off more completely than those of any other notable Victorian author, more even than those of Ruskin, which I should think must be a good second in the decline," said Arthur Waugh in a recent interview in the London *Observer*. When asked what he thought the reason he replied: "I think it is because Carlyle was a prophet most of whose prophecies have failed to come off. And then, again, he was tremendously obsessed by German ideals which the war sentiment scattered. Don't you think, too, he was a kind of forerunner of Nietzsche, and that his superman, following on the strong man who was rather embodied in our time in Bismarck, "the man of blood and iron,' is utterly out of sympathy with the ideas of the present day?" The interview did not go on to prophesy whether the sales of Carlyle might pick up if dictators become more popular.

Germany and Austria

AUSTRO-GERMAN DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS,1908-1914. By Oswald Henry Wedel. Stanford University, Calif.: Stanford University Press. 1932. $3.

FALL OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE, 1914-1918: DOCUMENTS OF THE GERMAN REVOLUTION. Selected and Edited by Ralph Haswell Lutz. Translated by David G. Rempel and Gertrude Rendtorff. Stanford University, Calif.: Stanford University Press. 2 vols. 1932. $12.

Reviewed by Bernadotte E. Schmitt

BEFORE and during the Great War it was commonly believed that the foreign policy of Austria-Hungary was dominated and controlled by the German Government. The assumption was not unwarranted, given the comparative weakness of the one state and the great strength of the other. Actually, as Professor Wedel is able to show from the diplomatic documents and memoirs published since the war, it was generally Vienna, and not Berlin, which called the tune from 1908 to 1914. Prince Bülow, dismayed by the failure of his Moroccan policy and alarmed to find Germany isolated at and after the Conference of Algeciras, resolved to maintain the alliance with Austria-Hungary at all costs. He therefore abandoned the precept of Bismarck, according to which Germany was not bound to support an Austrian policy of adventure in the Balkans, and gave *carte blanche* to the Cabinet of Vienna.

The result was the dangerous crisis over the annexation of Bosnia, which made the Austro-Serbian quarrel a prime danger to the peace of Europe and seriously undermined Germany's relations with Russia. The Cabinet of Berlin was never able to recover its full liberty of action or control of the alliance. A valiant effort was made by Kiderlen-Waechter, foreign minister from 1910 to 1912, but he died before he had fully succeeded, and his successor, a weak man, did not know how to finish the job. In the end, the Bülow doctrine reasserted itself, not because Germany approved the policy of Vienna—the Austrian attitude towards Serbia was sharply criticized in Berlin—but because, so Mr. Wedel thinks, the refusal of Tirpitz to make a naval agreement with England left Germany at the mercy of Austria. Yet there was just enough uncertainty about the German attitude to make Austria hesitate, until 1914, to attack Serbia—the only alternative to internal reforms, which alone would have permitted a solution of the Yugoslav problem in the interest of Austria-Hungary. That German policy towards France and Great Britain was gravely mismanaged, has long been recognized, even by many German writers; the same criticism evidently applies to German relations with Austria-Hungary and Russia. Mr. Wedel's book, in spite of being somewhat carelessly written in places, is an interesting essay, and has been awarded the George Louis Beer Prize of the American Historical Association.

The German decision to support the Austrian programme in July, 1914 led to the Great War, and the war to the German revolution of 1918. For the study of those years Professor Lutz's stout volumes will be indispensable. His book is not a history, but a collection of 611 documents from which future writers will quarry many stories for their historical edifices. Covering the period from July 31, 1914 to November 11, 1918 and dealing with every phase of the war—diplomatic, political, military, economic, social—these papers make fascinating reading, but defy a review. Suffice it to say that most of the documents are to be found only in very large or specialized libraries or have been secured from archives, including the treasures of the Hoover War Library at Stanford University. To Americans, the most interesting sections will be those dealing with submarine warfare, the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, the conversations of Dr. George D. Herron, President Wilson's unofficial representative at Geneva, with German politicians, the armistice negotiations, and the abdication of the Kaiser. The wartime speeches of Gustav Stresemann will also repay attention, for he was then as extravagant as anyone in supporting a policy of annexation and conquest; his gradual evolution as a constructive statesman and man of peace is one of the most remarkable episodes of our time. Professor Lutz has rigorously refrained from all commentary on his documents, and earned the gratitude of historians for his careful and comprehensive selection.

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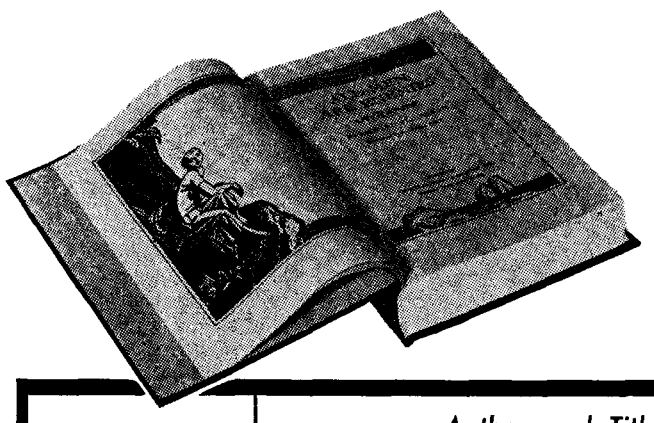
A Publisher's Report

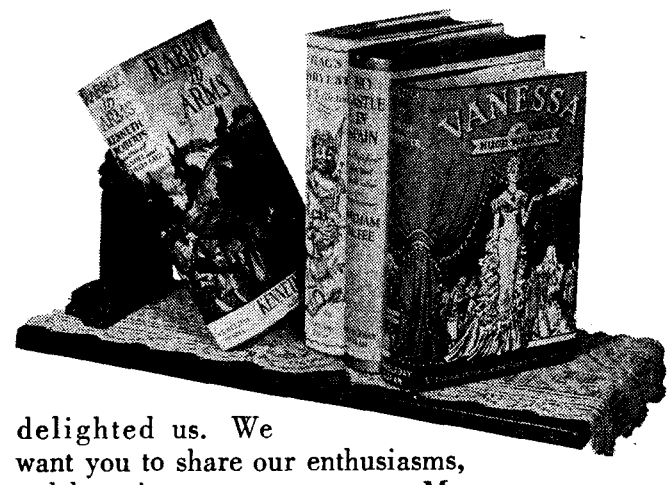
to *Saturday Review* Readers . . .



"It is not the fashion to see the lady in the epilogue," declares Rosalind, standing before the curtain at the close of *As You Like It.*

Nor is it the fashion to see the publisher in the prologue, but we are human and just sufficiently enthusiastic as to be careless of convention.

Frankly we like our books this Fall. We chose them with care and each one has



delighted us. We want you to share our enthusiasms, and here is our report to you. May we suggest that you might find it a rewarding basis for a Code for the New Leisure?

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Books of the Fall

BY AMY LOVEMAN

THE worst has happened—or perhaps it's the best, since having a book list wished upon us portends a general belief in the revival of activity in the publishing business. It's a grand and glorious feeling, of course, the realization that hopes are stirring again, but just at the moment we'd rather indulge our housewifely instincts. We want to go into the kitchen armed with the guaranteed cookbook which Houghton Mifflin has recently issued for Marjorie Hesseltine and Ula M. Dow, called "Good Cooking," and try some of the delectable recipes presented there. We want to, but we won't of course; we never do, but just stack new manuals on a shelf which our cook uses, not ourself. We'd have put the new edition of "The Boston Cook Book" there, too, if Little, Brown had sent it to us, which they didn't, providently enough, perhaps, since it would undoubtedly have been filched from us as have all earlier copies of the book we have possessed. But as a result of not receiving it we don't know what's been added to the last version, and whether or not it makes provision for desserts frozen in the electric refrigerator. Well, it doesn't matter now since cookbooks aren't literature, though they've figured in it, as when Bella Wilfer threw "The Complete British Housewife" across the room and called it a donkey. That was after it said, "Take a salamander. . . ."

We dally on the outskirts of our task simply because we're too lazy to tackle it, but since the longest way around is the shortest way home, we'd better leave our cookbooks and start in on our lengthy list of novels. First, however, "we wish to remark, and our language is plain," that there are better books appearing and better books in sight than have gladdened the lovers of reading in many a month. If really there is to be a lightening of the depression then the returning spirit of eagerness will find plenty of food for enjoyment in the publications of the current season. And so for the novels.

Those readers who have been following the fortunes of the Herries family will find the last of their chronicle told in "Vanessa" (Doubleday, Doran), in which volume Hugh Walpole brings their picturesque tale to a conclusion in what is perhaps the best of his Herries series. Another family saga is carried on in Mazo de la Roche's "The Master of Jalna" (Little, Brown), and alas, a final chapter is written to the Forsytes in Galsworthy's "One More River" (Scribners), concluded shortly before his death. For the last time Fleur makes her appearance, though the book is really the story of Dinny Charwell and her sister, and a sequel to "Flowering Wilderness." Still another novel which is one of a series is Romain Rolland's "The Death of a World" (Holt), the fourth volume of "The Soul Enchanted."

M. Rolland brings us to foreign novels. They are numerous in translation and important in character, several of them being of large scope. Outstanding among these latter is "All Men Are Brothers" (Day), which Pearl Buck has translated into flowing English from the Chinese. This is one of the great works of fiction of China, a novel which is the accretion of centuries and which is a panoramic portrayal of Chinese civilization, presenting a succession of scenes of life among the people incidentally to the development of its story of a robber's lair and the activities of the bandits. Of large scope and impressive character also is Sholom Asch's "Three Cities" (Putnam), a depiction of life in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw under the Czars and a book which has met with great success in Europe. It is surprising how excellent a novel has been made out of the recently popular movie, "Mädchen in Uniform." "The Child Manuela" (Farrar & Rinehart), as it is called, has been shaped by Christa Winsloe. The tale has not yet been published here, but we have been fortunate enough to have seen proof sheets of it over which we pored with the highest interest. The story is skilfully and delicately handled and has a genuinely moving quality. Another book shortly to be issued which we also found absorbing is Joseph Roth's "Radetzky March" (Viking), the story of three generations of a family on whom Franz Joseph bestowed his favor. The Austrian background of the tale is admirably drawn and the characters and incidents adroitly managed. It has sentiment without sentimentality, and an unforgettable scene near the close where *der Alte Kaiser* appears, pathetic in his age and his weakness yet every inch a king.

Sigrid Undset's name is sufficient to insure interest in any new work from her pen, and "Ida Elisabeth" (Knopf) will not disappoint the hopes of her admirers. It is a better book than those which have immediately preceded it. We haven't as yet seen Arnold Zweig's "De Vriendt Goes Home" (Viking), but we understand that it plays in Palestine among the Zionists. Ramon Ayala's "Tiger Juan" (Macmillan), which is set in Spain, Ferenc Körmendi's "Escape to Life" (Morrow), the International Prize Novel which has its scene in Hungary, and Theodor Pilver's "The Kaiser Goes: The Generals Remain" (Macmillan) all deserve enumeration.

The historical novel and the romantic novel seem to be coming back with increasing vigor. Of Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" (Farrar & Rinehart) of which a new printing has just been made it is of course unnecessary to speak since it is a best seller throughout the length and the breadth of the country. And now, we are told, the book is to be put upon the screen, so that it can be expected to march merrily along for many a month to come. Well, it's good reading. So is Kenneth Roberts's "A Rabble in Arms" (Doubleday, Doran), a tale of Revolutionary days, and so also is Helen Simpson's "The Woman on the Beast" (Doubleday, Doran), a book still to be published consisting of what are virtually long short stories, brilliantly witty at times as in the first tale of the days of the Inquisition. One of the most effective novels of the pre-Civil War period we have ever read is Roark Bradford's touching "Kingdom Coming" (Harpers) in which the plantation negro is revealed in his happiness and his unhappiness. Not only the underground railway but the nefarious traffic of the false underground railway which betrayed so many negroes into misery play their part in the story. We linger too long, however, among the historical novels. Yet we must tarry long enough before we leave them to make mention of Oliver La Farge's forthcoming "The Long Pennant" (Houghton Mifflin), a tale of privateering among the Yankees, Naomi Mitchison's "The Delicate Fire" (Harcourt, Brace), stories of classical times, and Helen Waddell's "Peter Abelard" (Holt) in which a thorough student of history spins a new dress for a familiar episode.

We are fighting against bitter odds. As we write a neighboring radio is pouring out an impassioned song that would make a fittingly emotional accompaniment for the loves of Abelard and Heloise. A moment ago it was blustering forth with a raucous laugh which sounded in the distance like some malicious villain gloating over a helpless enemy. At any rate it put us in mind of a performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" we heard long ago, and that reminded us that we had compiled a list of detective stories, not at all comprehensive but sufficiently full of thrills to supply pleasant entertainment for a few evenings. Here it is, without a word of comment: "The Dark Garden" (Doubleday, Doran), by Mignon Eberhart; "Thirteen at Dinner" (Dodd, Mead), by Agatha Christie; "Dr. Thorndyke Intervenes" (Dodd, Mead) by R. Austin Freeman; "The Case of the Sulky Girl" (Morrow), by Erle Stanley Gardner; S. S. Van Dine's "The Dragon Murder Case" (Scribners), Barnaby Ross's "Drury Lane's Last Case" (Viking), A. A. Milne's "Four Days Wonder" (Dutton), and Cora Jannett's "Night Over Fitch's Pond" (Houghton Mifflin). Assorted villains and adventure. You pays your money and you takes your choice. But we must add, though we did say we were going to make no comments, that Milne's book is only incidentally a mystery story and that Miss Jarrett's, which has many excellent qualities, depends upon its psychological implications for its force.

The radio has temporarily subsided though we have a suspicion that it is only because it is crooning. We've reached the point where if it resumes we'll close the windows tight even though this is no season as yet for anyone to be hermetically sealed up. While peace prevails we'll seize the chance to dispose of another category of books we've made. "We have a little list," you see, but now that we look at it we realize that we've got things mixed up or else we'd have included Louis Bromfield's "The Farm" (Harpers), which is family history thinly disguised as fiction, among the historical novels and seen, that "Haven's End" (Little, Brown), by J. P. Marquand, a charming tale beginning in colonial days and playing about the fortunes of two families in several generations, belongs there also, and that Irving Fineman's "Hear, Ye Sons" (Longmans, Green) in which the customs and manners of the Jews of the past generation in Russia are painted with gentle sentiment, should likewise have been included in it. Mr. Bromfield's book, with its picture of an early Ohio and its sympathetic study of the evolution of a family and a phase of American civilization, is to our mind the best of his books.

The radio is muttering so that we can hardly collect our thoughts enough to remember that we mustn't forget to mention that new idyll of childhood by Rhys James, a rollicking bit of fun which is likely to give rise, temporarily at least, to a new supply of exclamatory phrases. "Worth Remembering" (Longmans, Green) is the chronicle of a group of Southern children who prove the despair and the delight of their colored mammy, and who manage to get in and out of more scrapes than the ingenuity of a host of ordinary youngsters could provide. It is a hilarious tale.

We've gone a circuitous path without arriving at our final group of novels which ranges from the "Bonfire" (Harcourt, Brace) of so popular a writer as Dorothy Canfield, the "Dark Hazard" (Harpers) of W. R. Burnett, and the "Woods Colt" (Harcourt, Brace) of Thames Williamson (this last a tale of the Ozark Mountains) to the forthcoming "The Tumult and the Shouting" (Longmans, Green), of Ursula Parrott and the "One Woman" (Morrow) of Tiffany Thayer. And if we don't dispatch the rest of our entries more rapidly than those which preceded them we'll find ourselves at the end of our space with nary a book mentioned except fiction. Indeed, we see the writing on the wall, so we'll begin to telescope our list vigorously. One, two, three, off go we. The books of the Fall, ladies and gentlemen, include among the new fiction, "I, the Tiger" (Coward-McCann), by Manuel Komroff, in which, as might be surmised from the title, the tiger speaks in the first person; E. Arnot Robertson's "Ordinary Families" (Doubleday, Doran), a good book; "No Castle in Spain" (Doubleday, Doran), by William McFee; Return" (Morrow), by Michael Home and "Lost Horizon" (Morrow), by James Hilton; "No Second Spring" (Stokes), by Janet Beith, a prize novel which really deserved its distinction; and "Wonder Hero" (Harpers), by J. B. Priestley. Right at this point we call a halt to fiction, with no further mention except of the fact that there are shortly to be published "Sea Wall" (Knopf), by L. A. G. Strong, "The Old Man Dies" (Macmillan), by Elizabeth Sprigge, and "Gentlemen, I Address You Privately" (Smith & Haas), by Kay Boyle. And yes, choicest morsel of all, there is to be a volume in which are collected all the prose works of Elinor Wylie (Knopf).

Whew! We breathe again, but only to plunge into biography of which there is an interesting array. There are books for every taste,—for the lover of warlike adventure Frederick Palmer's "With My Own Eyes" (Dodd, Mead), the reminiscences of a correspondent who saw war over a long period of years in many lands, S. Alexander Powell's "Slanting Lines of Steel" (Macmillan), Deneys Reitz's "Afrikander" (Minton, Balch), and Fairfax Downey's life of that paragon of correspondents, Richard Harding Davis (Scribners). For the student of American history there is, or will soon be, Tyler Dennett's biography of John Hay (Dodd, Mead), "The Letters of Grover Cleveland" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Allan Nevins, "Honest John Adams" (Little, Brown), by Gilbert Chinard, and "The Two Franklins" (Little, Brown), by Bernard Fay. Probably no biography of the season will arouse more widespread interest than Alice Roosevelt Longworth's "Crowded Hours" (Scribners). We read the advance proofs with interest, but with some disappointment that so brilliant a woman as Mrs. Longworth should choose to touch so supeficially on public affairs. The book is quiet and restrained in tone, and quite delightful in the portions which deal with its author's childhood and the Roosevelt family life. Another volume whch should appeal to the same group as approach Mrs. Longworth's with special curiosity as to its political entries will rejoice in the highly interesting volume of recollections which former Ambassador Jusserand is about to publish

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under the title "What Me Befell" (Houghton Mifflin).

That does for the American historical biography. Now for the foreign. Winston Churchill's life of Marlborough (Scribners) is promised but not yet announced for any definite date, but there are already to be had E. F. Benson's "Edward VII" (Longmans, Green), Milton Waldman's "England's Elizabeth" (Houghton Mifflin), J. E. Neale's "Queen Elizabeth" (Harcourt, Brace), Daniel Henderson's "The Crimson Queen" (Duffield & Green), a life of Mary Tudor, Stephen Graham's "Boris Godunof" (Yale University Press), and the much b r u i t e d "My Battle" (Houghton Mifflin), by Germany's dictator, Adolf Hitler.

The end is in sight, and yet not the end. For though we may be able to squeeze the rest of our list of biography into the space at our disposal, we see already that we are fated to hold over such categories as poetry and *belles lettres* till next week. Well, we won't lose time and good white space bemoaning that now but shall proceed to recount the works which should interest the reader to whom the theatre makes special appeal. For him are such books as Lillah McCarthy's "Myself and My Friends" (Dutton), a life story we commend to youthful aspirants to a dramatic career; "At Thirty-Three" (Longmans, Green), by Eva Le Gallienne, and "Portrait of Mrs. Siddons" (Viking), by Naomi Royde-Smith. The student of contemporary fiction will find matter of much interest to him in "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" (Harcourt, Brace), by Gertrude Stein, in Floyd Dell's "Homecoming" (Farrar & Rinehart), Ford Madox Ford's "It Was the Nightingale" (Lippincott), and in "The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford" (Houghton Mifflin), while the reader whose interest in literary matters lies rather in the past than the present will be able to gratify it in Virginia Woolf's charming and brief account of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's dog, Flush (Harcourt, Brace), in "The Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge" (Yale University Press), in Frances Winwar's "Poor Splendid Wings" (Little, Brown), an account of the Rossettis and their circle, and in Ludwig Marcuse's "Heine" (Farrar & Rinehart).

There is a group of books which it is difficult to place in any category but which are among the most interesting of the season's grist. These include "The Book of Talbot" (Harcourt, Brace), by Violet Clifton, the biography by his wife of one of those figures which only Great Britain can produce, a book at times of quite extraordinary beauty and profound emotion, Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth" (Macmillan), a portrayal of the incidence of war on the generation of young English men and women who were just reaching maturity when it broke out, "Along My Way" (Viking), by James Weldon Johnson, "The Journey of the Flame" (Houghton Mifflin), by Antonio Blanco, a chronicle of early California days, "The Beginning of Mortal Man" (Dutton), by Max Miller, and "Jungle M e m o r i e s" (Whittlesey House), by Dr. Henry Hurd Rusby.

So now farewell, and if not forever, then until next week fare thee well.

Story of a Patriarch

FRONT PORCH. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1933. $2.

In the vicissitudes of the first family of Logansport, Pennsylvania, Mr. Kauffman traces the decline of the patriarchal system, the inevitable shifting of social strata, and the inroads made by twentieth century materialism on the provincial Edens of America.

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Although the earlier portions of the story seem a bit too idyllic, the narrative is a competent portrayal of an American community in the transitional stages of the first quarter of this century.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

American Historical Romance

I HAVE recently discovered for myself *Kenneth Roberts*—and, by Golly, he seems to me the best writer of American historical romance that we've had since some of the work of *Mary Johnston*. I leave out *Winston Churchill*, because he was somehow, poor man, dogged by inescapable dulness. I leave out *Robert W. Chambers*, who nevertheless, in "Cardigan" and certain other works, wrote historical novels of which no author need be ashamed. I leave out a couple of good books by *Gertrude Atherton*. And you can doubtless give me a list as long as my arm of other notable American historical novels. (If so, by the way, I'd sincerely like to have it.) But this new man, *Roberts*, in whom, I have found out, *Dan Longwell* of Doubleday, Doran fervently believes, has burst upon my view with an advance copy of "Rabble in Arms," a novel of our Revolution, featuring in his high exploits no less a figure than Benedict Arnold; and I will frankly admit I am enthusiastic. Longwell has now sent me Roberts's former "Arundel," which I am saving up for one of our brisk Fall nights that seem to be coming on. Roberts also wrote "The Lively Lady," in this sort. Either I don't know a first-rate historical novelist when I see one or this writer is intensely valuable to our time. I have indicated that he writes "romances," but that is not exactly it. He writes the historical truth. He throws in a love story that you can take or leave, but his historical background and his realistic view of the American Revolution, written with neither fear nor favor, is a view that should find its way into our utterly inadequate school histories. For it has the ring of the real truth. It gives you far more than the chiefly bogus "patriotic" aspect. Which does not mean that it does not describe heroism. There was almost incredible heroism, in the finest sense, in some quarters. But buy the book when it comes out; buy the book and educate yourself concerning the days of the Old Continentals!

"Honest Poverty"

Earle Walbridge has informed me that the word "poverty," when written out, always looks to him like "a hen approaching." I can see what he means, with that pecking point of the "p"; but to me, in any shape or form, it always looks far more like the dark cloud that emerged from the bottle found on the sea-shore in the "Arabian Nights." Rising from a night of envelopment in such a black cloud of thought, I was, however, cheered by colliding with *Christopher Morley* at the entrance to the lobby of our mutual office building. "Ha! How deftly," cried he, "you snicked around the corner! I fear to snick around corners like that lest I run into the arms of one of my creditors." A genial glow suffused me to find such an expansive breast for misery to commune.

At my desk I opened a letter typed under a *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia letterhead, showing two clever typographs—one of an office minion, the other, presumably, of a phoenix. Also, there was a "Hymn to Nira." How its opening strains went to my heart!

NIRA, no job I see,
Nearer I see;
Though there is now a CODE
*Appraising me.**
Still, though your slogan be
"Bring back prosperity!"
NIRA, no job I see,
Nearer I see.

The last verse of the poem also, purporting to emanate from *Gerty G. Jobless*, had methought a pathetic dying fall:

Let but a job appear,
That would be heaven,
Though the week's salary
Be six bucks or seven.
BLUE EAGLES beckon me
Shrieking "Recovery!"—
NIRA, no job I see,
Nearer I see.

I am, myself, not quite in this unfortunate position. I have a job. But sometimes it is difficult to support it in the luxury to which it has become accustomed! In the old days it was a job that knew its own place, but now it insists on putting its feet up on the table and calling for my best sherry! Doggone these old family retainers!

Parenthetically: *Earle Walbridge*—again to revert to that astute librarian of the Harvard Club—is the author of an article to appear shortly in *The Colophon*, entitled "Real People in Poetry."

But I get all sorts of funny requests. While I'm trying to figure out how to pay *both* the telephone *and* the laundry this month, in breezes one of those imitation letters you can hardly tell from the real thing, signed with a flourish *William Jay Schieffelin*, saying that the Fusion Campaign Committee has asked the New York Committee of One Thousand to put its Speakers' Bureau into the campaign, and that they'll need $5,000 to pay for the radio service. That's just too bad! Of course I could mortgage my farm for them—if I happened to own a farm! . . . Then in strolls somebody else and asks me to recommend someone for a poetry prize of one thousand dollars! (Today nothing is mentioned, you notice, that is less than a "grand"!) Could I recommend—could I—could I rec— Oh, have a heart!

Thus it goes. There seems to be money for people to throw away on politics and on poetry prizes and on this, that, and the other. There still, astonishingly, seems to be such money! Only every time I look around to get a glimpse of it, it becomes invisible. But that's the Upturn and the Road Is Open Again (This way out!) and the March on to Victory. . . . Oh, boola, boola!

Well, well, my love, no use grousing, m'dear! Turn the old skirt and make it do for best. Poppa can always put newspaper-soles in his shoes. There's another rib off the old umbrella, but thank the Lord, we got our stren'th. I hear they're doin' gret thin's up tuh Washin'ton! . . . Besides, a contributor switches my attention to a weightier problem.

Fat Women and Fashion

Says my correspondent, who absent-mindedly omits name, "My many-faceted ever-roaming mind has fastened itself of late upon the problem of the Fat Woman in regard to Fashion." Yes, that's a problem. Go on!

> It struck me with full force one day when I was shovelling mud madly, irrigating alfalfa. (Inspiration may be found in the lowliest places, even below sea level). I realized then, as I realize now, that I was probably the only person in the world understanding the magnanimity of this problem—

Wait, wait, sister or brother,—you don't mean "Magnanimity," you mean "magnitude." Or don't you? Anyway, then you wrote a poem about it. But, alas, in that poem you committed a bad rhyme in each verse. First verse "Shelf-elf." "Elf" is a word that can hardly ever be used, except under the direst provocation. Second verse "Chic-Physique"; third verse "juice-shoes." That is not such a good record, contributor, so I cannot print your poem. I agree with you that the Fat Woman must be constantly troubled by Fashion. And yet to see the air with which they carry off a style obviously meant for an entirely different type of person, one cannot observe that they suffer much. At least they never suffer with their slimmer sisters under agonies of diet, etc. Though that isn't quite fair either, because I have known folk who practically nibbled at nothing and yet managed to accumulate avoirdupois.

* At my minimum worth.

The Good Gray Poet

In a recent letter from *Edwin Markham* he informs me:

> I am here in Wellesley Hills, near Boston, at the summer home of *Florence Hamilton*, my confidential secretary and manager. She and her mother are brightening these late summer days for me, here in their little paradise, their corner in Aracady, where trees ripple on every hand and gray squirrels climb the trunks and peer from the branches, where the hermit thrush lets out his wistful mystic song. . . . I have found here at the heart of the garden three little pools under a little waterfall, pools where golden fishes dart and dream, and where white lilies float on the glassy surface of the water.

Mr. Markham is hard at work, however, upon his eight hundred poems, getting them ready for his first collected edition in 1935. He has been called to California to give readings on poetry in the University of California, the University of Redlands, and in other places in that meridian. After that he is to give twenty talks on poetry at Berkeley in the Williams Institute of Authorship and Journalism.

Five Men

I have received a new long poem by *Abe Craddock Edmunds*, who gets his work published in paper copies at The Little Bookshop at Lynchburg, Virginia. I have commented favorably on his former work, "The Renaissance," and shall review this latest book of his very soon. The title of it is "Five Men" and it is apparently a stark story of the late Great War.

The Children's Bookshelf

By KATHERINE ULRICH

PONIES—particularly beautiful white circusey ones, make quite irresistible story heroes. What child ever was or ever there will be who does not dream that he is the master of that most glimmering star in the realm of all childhood possessions? This fall, parents may hush for a time the pony-ache by the comparatively simple method of sugaring the wishful one's imagination. Berta and Elmer Hader have done their best to aid them.

"Spunky, the Story of a Shetland Pony" (Macmillan: $2), delightfully pictured and told by the Haders, is a full pony life from colt days on the native isles down into coal mine work, up and out to earn ringing applause in a splendid American circus—and on, to know many children and serve various masters, a jolly peddler among them. Chance, at last, brings valiant Spunky back to familiar and luxurious pastures of earlier days. A modern "Black Beauty" as the publishers state on the jacket? No. but it is doubtless just as well for present-day boys and girls not to mourn too intensely over the fate of a horse. The Haders' book is a happy, old-fashioned mixture of pathos, glamor, and romance—an unbeatable story pattern always when sincerely done. Add to that a white pony hero who might be alive now and many lovely lithographed illustrations in fine color as well as black and white, and it would certainly seem that "Spunky" is designed to be a great favorite.

The "once upon a time" age will lose its heart to "Ponder, the Story of a Colt, a Duchess and the Circus," (Smith & Haas: $2), by Esther Averill and Lila Stanley. This fresh, delectable tale about a white colt fairly prances with the qualities which make children shout, "Read it again" twenty times over. Adventure, suspense, robust humor, gaiety of spirit are combined in such excellent childlike proportions we suspect that the story of "Ponder" will live for many years by the children's own decree. The pictures by T. Rojankovsky step joyously along with the text. That the masterly purple umbrella so vigorously wielded by the roaring Duchess needs show pink in the illustration is our one small regret.

Ruth Orten and Diana Thorne have together told the story of a polo pony's first year out in the Wyoming ranch country. "Pepito, the Colt" (Houghton Mifflin: $1) is a slender lively enough tale made into a pleasant picture book for horse lovers of any age by the many sketches of horses and dogs from the well-known animal artist's humorous, able pen.

The Atlantic $5,000 Prize Book

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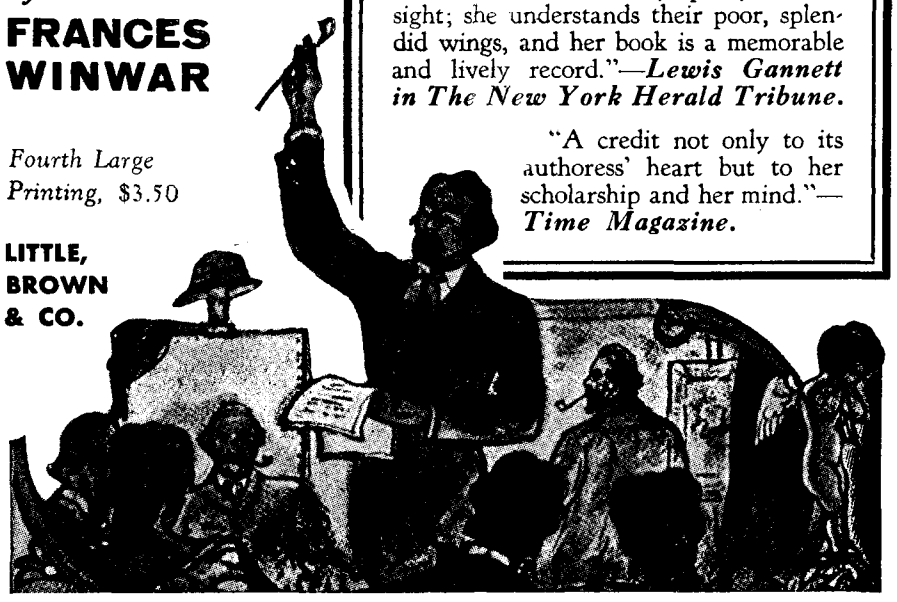

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to Miss Loveman, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

So You're Going to the Orient

NOT many days ago at one of the haphazard luncheons which it is the custom the the *Saturday Review* to hold weekly at that pleasantly somnolent hostelry the Webster (dubbed Unabridged by Christopher Morley) the conversation, having disposed of the mayoralty candidates and the World Series and the latest movie, veered to the Orient. Mr. Owen Lattimore, author of an excellent book, "Manchuria, Cradle of Conflict" (Macmillan) and just back from China after four years in the midst of its turmoil, became the target of questions. No, he said, the foreigners in Peking did not go about in fear of their lives, but rather spent their time worrying about the safety of their relatives in Chicago. Certainly there was no such thing as security for the Chinaman; he lived his days on the edge of disaster, with death or assault or impoverishment threatening at any moment. Yes, war seemed even more of a certainty in Asia than in Europe; it might be delayed a year or five years or ten years or even twenty, but, said Mr. Lattimore, he saw no prospect of escape from it eventually. A sorry outlook! *M. B. C. Jr., of Park Avenue, New York City,* who hopes to spend next summer travelling in China and Japan and whose letter furnished us our excuse for introducing Mr. Lattimore, will, we ardently pray, still find, when he gets there, an Orient less tragically harassed than Mr. Lattimore's pessimism forecasts. At any rate, now he wants books for winter reading which will fit him "to understand and appreciate what he will see there." An enormous literature, of course, exists upon the subject; from it we have tried to cull such volumes as will give M. B. C., Jr., a bird's-eye view of the history, civilization, and present political condition of the countries through which he wishes to travel.

As to the China of the past he can find his facts in H. A. Giles's CIVILIZATION OF CHINA (Holt) and CHINA AND THE CHINESE (Columbia University Press), books some twenty and twenty-five years old, but excellent; in Kenneth S. Latourette's THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA (Houghton Mifflin) or in E. H. Parker's CHINA: HER HISTORY, DIPLOMACY, AND COLOR (Dutton). He will discover interesting and informative reading on the war-torn country of today in Nathaniel Peffer's CHINA: THE COLLAPSE OF A CIVILIZATION (Day), J. O. P. Bland's CHINA: THE PITY OF IT (Doubleday, Doran), H. F. MacNair's CHINA IN REVOLUTION (University of Chicago Press), Sherwood Eddy's THE CHALLENGE OF ASIA (Farrar & Rinehart), and George E. Sokolsky's THE TINDER BOX OF ASIA (Doubleday, Doran). The last two cover Japan as well as China, as does also Edgar Snow's FAR EASTERN FRONT, so fresh from the press of Smith & Haas as almost to exhale the smell of printer's ink. Florence Ayscough, who some years ago collaborated with Amy Lowell in the translation of Chinese poems issued under the title, FIR FLOWER TABLETS, in 1925 set down her impressions of the Chinese in a colorful volume which she called CHINESE MIRROR (Houghton Miffin). Mrs. Ayscough has lived long among the people of whom she writes and is full of keen observations in regard to them. We remember how her vivacity and her enthusiasm brought sudden animation to our office a few years ago when she dropped in upon us during the course of one of her visits to America and allowed herself to be beguiled into reciting Chinese poetry. We listened to it quite ignorant of its meaning but quite carried away by the dramatic quality of her recital. And then we discovered that it was the songs of a warrior that Mrs. Ayscough was delivering with such splendid emphasis. There was a fine, challenging spirit to them as she rendered them, with sudden lapses into a melancholy gentleness. But we must not dally with the remembrance; all this reminiscence doesn't get us any further forward with the information we're suposed to be giving, and we must haste. Alas, and alas, we make haste so slowly that unless we change our pace we'll arrive at the end of our columns with but one question answered. That's the trouble with getting interested in the queries that come to us.

Well, to resume where we left off—there's another interesting portrayal of aspects of life in China, written, like Mrs. Ayscough's, by an Englishwoman whose husband's affairs have kept her long resident in the Orient, in Lady Dorothea Hosie's PORTRAIT OF A CHINESE LADY (Morrow) which gives enchanting glimpses of the intimate life of China. Then, for general cultural aspects, there's W. E. Griffis's CHINA'S STORY IN MYTH, LEGEND, ART, AND ANNALS (Houghton Mifflin), and, if M. B. C. Jr. wants brief introductions to the arts of China, Arthur Waley's INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CHINESE PAINTING (Scribner) and L. Ashton's INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CHINESE SCULPTURE (Scribner). Little, Brown published in 1924 Zucker's THE CHINESE THEATRE, and— But we must leave China and go on to Japan.

For the history of that country M. B. C. Jr. can consult Kenneth S. Latourette's DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN (Macmillan), George B. Sansom's JAPAN: A SHORT CULTURAL HISTORY (Appleton-Century), or Murdock's HISTORY OF JAPAN (Greenberg), and for the contemporary period Inazo O. Nitobé's JAPAN: SOME PHASES OF HER PROBLEMS AND HER DEVELOPMENT (Scribners), E. Baelz's AWAKENING JAPAN (Viking), and the volumes by Sherwood Eddy, George E. Sokolsky, and Edgar Snow which we mentioned before. He will find interesting reading in K. Tscuchida's CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF JAPAN AND CHINA (Knopf), Arthur Waley's THE NO PLAYS OF JAPAN (Knopf), F. A. Lombard's OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE JAPANESE DRAMA (Houghton Mifflin), and Laurence Binyon's JAPANESE COLOURPRINTS (Scribner) and PAINTING IN THE FAR EAST (Longmans, Green). If M. B. C. Jr. wants information as to works on the art and architecture of China and Japan which is more than merely cursory, and if he'll let us know that he does, we'll be glad to secure a representative list of such books for him. Also, if he is anxious to get the impact of Chinese and Japanese life through literature, we'd like to suggest that he include in his reading the newly published ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS (Day), the great Chinese novel which Pearl Buck has translated and which is a pageant of Chinese life, and Lady Murasaki's charming TALE OF GENJI (Houghton Mifflin).

American Foreign Policy

East is East, and West is West, and we turn from the Orient to American affairs, or rather to American affairs in relation to world politics. *F. A. K. of Oak Harbor, Ohio,* wants the title of some recent book or magazine article on the international relations of the United States for his wife who is preparing a paper on the subject for her Literary Club. She should, we think, find just what she needs in brief compass in the article by Henry L. Stimson entitled "Bases of American Foreign Policy during the Past Four Years" which appeared in the issue of *Foreign Affairs* for April, 1933. If she wants something more extensive there is Walter Lippmann's INTERPRETATIONS (Macmillan), the 1931-32 volume of which is about to be followed by another for 1932-33. Charles Hodges's THE BACKGROUND OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS (Wiley) will supply general material which may be helpful. The International Relations Office of the American Association of University Women, 1634 I Street, Washington, D. C., issues a pamphlet by Florence E. Barns which contains a bibliography on Literature and the International Mind from which is to be had guidance as to international states of mind as displayed in fiction, poetry, and belles lettres as well as in history and social and economic treatises.

Guides to Creative Writing

Poetry and belles lettres remind us that we have a request from *J. M. E. of Whitmire, S. C.,* for a list of books or magazines or correspondence courses on creative writing. That's a large subject, of course, with many ramifications, and it's possible to make the answer as inclusive as a list containing Aristotle's Poetics or as exclusive as one which embraces only textbooks. There are a number of magazines published intended for the practising or potential writer among which perhaps the most popular are *The Writer's Monthly,* a thin little periodical, published in Springfield, Mass., and containing in addition to articles some market advice; *The Writer,* a monthly issued in Cambridge, Mass.; *The Writer's Digest,* published in Cincinnati; *The Author and Journalist,* the home of which is in Denver, and *The Editor,* hailing from Highland Falls, N. Y. All of these contain advice on writing and on the methods of marketing what is written. Among the multiplicity of books on creative writing the following may be accounted among the most useful: THE WRITING OF FICTION (Scribners), by Edith Wharton, A HANDBOOK ON STORY WRITING (Dodd, Mead) by Blanche Colton Williams, who has been a very successful teacher, and THE SHORT STORY IN ENGLISH (Holt), by Henry Seidel Canby. Such a work as Percy Lubbock's THE CRAFT OF FICTION (Scribners), though far from a handbook and presupposing knowledge and understanding of technique on the part of the reader, is well worth careful attention from any one who wishes to attack the field of story writing with earnestness.

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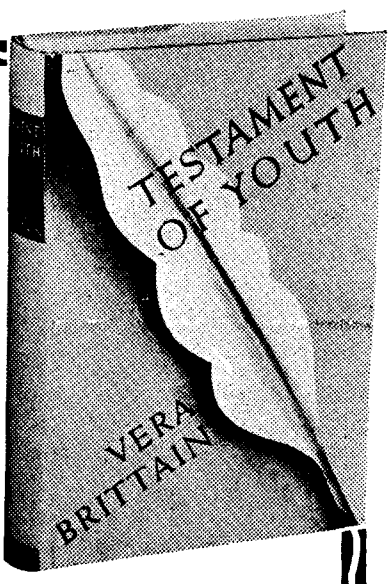

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Friday the 13th
of this month is
Your Lucky Day
for then arrives
S. S. Van Dine's
new and best
Philo Vance Novel
The Dragon Murder Case

The New Books

Biography

SAND DOLLARS. By Katharine Ball Ripley. Harcourt, Brace. 1933. $2.

Mrs. Ripley's first book, "Sand in My Shoes," the story of two young people who threw their hearts and souls—and money—into trying to raise peaches, was rightly acclaimed. That was a page from life itself, told vividly, truthfully and with a courage which was captivating. The color of the sandhills and its people were fairly caught.

The peach orchard was abandoned, left to a tenant who was later to fail even at "buzzarding" it. The Ripleys moved to Charleston. They met life with quite as much spirit as they had in the sandhills. Money came in from writing. The Ripleys invested it, in securities which salesmen and bankers said were sound; this was in 1929.

"Sand Dollars" is the narrative of the disillusioned years. It is a story which has countless parallels in the experiences of others who bought bonds and stocks only to see values (or rather prices) melt away. Many will find in Mrs. Ripley's pages the counterpart of their own luckless ventures. It is not detracting from Mrs. Ripley's book to say that it lacks many of the qualities which gave the first volume genuine worth, in presenting so successfully a distinctive locale and a people. While the background of the South is in "Sand Dollars," it is only incidental to a story common, unfortunately, to us all.

C. McD. P.

Fiction

HERE COMES THE KING. By Philip Lindsay. Little, Brown. 1933. $2.50.

The king is Henry VIII, and his queen at the moment is Katharine Howard, his penultimate wife. The historical facts about her are that she was guilty, on good evidence, of relations with at least one man and probably two before marriage, and with a third while she was queen; that she was denounced by Cranmer, who as leader of the Protestants was interested in getting rid of a queen who came of the Romanist Howards; that she was convicted of adultery and executed. This is after all a pretty commonplace story and in his heavily bewigged and grease-painted telling of it Mr. Lindsay has not been able to make it seem otherwise.

He has tried hard enough, heaven knows. He has contributed a Shakespearian fool to lament the pity of it; he has added the beginnings of half a dozen suggested conspiracies that never get anywhere; and above all he has made lavish use of pageantry. This reign was probably the culminating point in English history of pompous ceremonies honoring the divinity that hedged kings, and the author has evidently undertaken considerable research to find out how many officials were concerned in making the king's bed or serving his meals, and what their duties were, and what they wore; and some of the resulting tableaux are well done. But in spite of his careful spade-work, the author is likely to be mistaken in small but well-known points; thus he always speaks of the golden Tudor rose, though the Tudor rose was parti-colored white and red, to symbolize the union in the Tudors of the strains of York and Lancaster. And no matter how magnificent the setting, one more adultery in fiction is just one more adultery, unless it is redeemed by much more subtlety of characterization than is to be found in "Here Comes the King."

B. D.

OLD-FASHIONED TALES. By Zona Gale. Appleton-Century. 1933. $2.50.

The "Foreword" to this book holds that a good story should convey "a special look at living," should "let one briefly look within people and moments"; otherwise fiction is "a record of the external alone, however skilfully arranged . . . is not sharing in the story provinces, but has stopped short at the bright frontier." This is stern doctrine, clearly dismissing nine-tenths of the "short-stories" now done to pattern for popular consumption. The editors insist on the formula, we are told; they are sure it is what the public wants. Suspense and climax are the important things, not the inner action of the human spirit; handle your "impasse," and insight may go hang.

Miss Gale is not the slave of this dramatic mechanism, but she has her own pattern and follows it somewhat monotonously in the tales here collected. Most of them were printed in, and in some sense written for, the popular American women's magazines. These periodicals are supported not by the lively young "generation" but by a great body of middle-aged readers, fulfilled and serene, or disillusioned and wistful, but lovers all of the sweet pretty story and the happy ending. For them these "old-fashioned tales" were written, by the author of "Pelleas and Ettarre" rather than the creator of "Miss Lulu Bett." They are stories of mating in which man hardly counts except in the necessary role of lover. Modern young people are brought on the scene only to be shown up as harmless infants at play. Nothing really changes, nothing passes but the external fashion of the hour. So our youthful propagandists of self-expression and especially of sexual

(*Continued on page* 194)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DRAGON MURDER CASE *S. S. Van Dine* (Scribners: $2.)	Movie actor vanishes into, and from, Spuyten Duyvil swimming pool. Heath and Markham call Philo Vance.	Below the Greene standard, but better than Bishop or Scarab. Excellent trick with mythological dragon.	A 2
FOUR DAYS WONDER *A. A. Milne* (Dutton: $2.)	Lovely Jennie finds notorious auntie dead and runs away. Not *really* a mystery.	First Degree Whimsy for which Judge puts on black cap with lavender ribbons.	Poof!
THE STRANGE MURDER OF HATTON K.C. *Herbert Adams* (Lippincott: $2.)	Physician with deductive mind solves jewel robbery and stabbing at typical English house-party.	Adequate sleuthing with melodramatic trimmings and interesting subordinate plots. Adams's best to date.	Good
CRIME UNLIMITED *David Hume* (McBride: $2.)	Master criminal tracked to deadly den by brave young amateur policeman who Fears Nothing.	Good entertainment along familiar lines with excitement in every chapter and passably good writing.	Fair
THE SULU SEA MURDERS *Van Wyck Mason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Captain North, shrewd U. S. intelligence officer, finds at stifling army outpost a boiling cauldron of murder.	Excitement and lurid action amidst squalid surroundings. Where were the pearls from the "Chu Shan"?	Gruesome
MENACE *Philip MacDonald* (Crime Club: $2.)	"Rudolph Bastion" isolates English house party. Gets revenge on two before caught.	Sloppy writing, wooden and unattractive personnel, reduce horror element to boredom.	No
THE CRANK IN THE CORNER *Christopher Bush* (Morrow: $2.)	Ludevic Travers spends night in French train and catnaps through two murders, which worry him greatly.	Great amount of very interesting but confused rushing around and somewhat incredible final deduction.	Just fair

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The most amusing trade item we've seen recently is Dutton's report on their efforts to assemble window display material for "A Cop Remembers" by Captain Cornelius Willemse. From the author, and from his friend Dr. Charles Norris, for many years the Chief Medical Examiner of New York City, Dutton received a private arsenal—including not only such obvious items as handcuffs, revolvers, and billies, but also a curio described as "a dainty little derringer once used by a maiden to remove a too ardent suitor"; a rubber billy "guaranteed to leave no bruises," and a repeating shot-gun. All went well until the publishers applied for a permit to display this furniture, and found that they had already run afoul of the Sullivan law in merely having it on the premises. Everything finally got fixed up, except that they had to leave out the revolver and blackjacks, these being concealable weapons; with this expurgation, the display material is now happily making its round of the shops, and, we hope, selling books. Putnam's, for one, had an excellent window on "A Cop Remembers."

☞A cagey piece of book advertising occurs in Walt Disney's latest Silly Symphony, "Old King Cole," which begins with the *dramatis personæ* emerging from a series of very accurately drawn Pop-up books. An elegant piece of cooperation for the publishers of Mickey Mouse in book form.

☞Publishers have always assumed that the great majority of readers of popular fiction are women; so the boys at Garden City were surprised to find that out of many requests for their recent booklet on Kathleen Norris, most of them came from men. They wonder if the title of her last novel, "Angel in the House," was the attraction. Quercus believes the explanation lies in the fact that the coupon-clipping habit is predominantly masculine, and that it does not always coincide with the book-reading habit. We'll still bet that ten women will read "Angel in the House" to every one man.

From *Trade Winds*, August 19:

☞The neatest trick of the week in literature (send it to *The New Yorker* and see if you get $5) occurs in P. G. Wodehouse's otherwise perfectly proofread—indeed otherwise perfectly everything—*Heavy Weather:* where Beach, the butler, "Drew up the toe of his left shoe and rather coyly scratched his left calf with it." Quercus feels that "coyly" is hardly the *mot juste.*

From *The New Yorker*, October 6:

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[*From "Heavy Weather," by P. G. Wodehouse*]

"There was a soft note in the butler's fruity voice. He drew up the toe of his left shoe and rather coyly scratched his left calf with it."

Now all we want to know is, who got the five dollars?

☞Donald Geddes has sent us the granddaddy of all publishers' catalogues: "Columbia Books, 1893-1933." It is a monumental, illustrated compendium, listing all the books published by the Columbia University Press. Bookstores and libraries should have it.

☞Kenneth McCormick, formerly manager of the Doubleday, Doran Book Shop in Philadelphia, has joined the advertising staff at Garden City, where he will be in charge of trade promotion. His knowledge of what kind of material booksellers can use—i. e. what kind of trade promotion actually promotes trade—should make his work valuable on both ends.

☞We have waited for college to reopen, with the resumption of publication of *The Harvard Crimson*, to use a literary note clipped from that great daily journal and sent to us during the summer by Earle Walbridge, the man who reads everything. —Here it is:

Some light was thrown on the alleged charge that Harvard men spend half their time writing books yesterday when a *Crimson* reporter discovered a list by Jane Howard, assistant to the editor of the *Alumni Bulletin*, showing that since December 2, 317 volumes have been published, or about two a day. . . . The earliest contribution is posthumous, a biography of "John Quincy Adams," by Bennett Champ Clark from the Class of 1787. James Truslow Adams '58 was the other early writer with a book on "Henry Adams.". . . The smallest work was an 11-page booklet by F. M. Ogg '04 on "Congressional Procedure." The late Earl D. Biggers '07, wrote the largest work. [The Charlie Chan omnibus!]

☞The week's prize non-sequitur comes from Doubleday's account of Hugh Walpole's youth, based on Marguerite Steen's forthcoming book about him. Walpole's first job was tutoring "Elizabeth's" small daughters, as described in the following paragraph:

Until September Hugh lived in a pleasant dream in which "Elizabeth" occupied the center of the stage and the babies barely a corner. But upon his arrival the full enormity of the fact that he knew nothing at all about instructing the young threw him into a panic. He also suffered from following a particularly brilliant and sophisticated young man, Mr. E. M. Forster. It was not long before he returned to England with the first draft of a novel in his bag.

☞Max Schuster has sent us a most hilarious volume called "Dumb-Belles Letres, or Lallapaloozas from the Morning Mail," by Juliet Lowell, with illustrations by Soglow. Among the stupendous miscellany of nut letters assembled by Miss Lowell are a few written to bookstores and publishers. We suspect the Inner Sanctum of supplying the following anonymous exchange of telegrams:

HOW LARGE AN ADVANCE WILL YOU PAY FOR A BOOK OF 125,000 WORDS?

HOW BIG ARE THE WORDS?

☞There is also a Chinese rejection slip which American editors and publishers will do well to emulate. It runs, in part:

Illustrious brother of the sun and moon:

Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet. . . . Thy honored manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon me. With raptures I have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors; never have I encountered such with, such pathos, such lofty thought With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the Emperor would order that it be made the standard, and that no more be published except such as equalled it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. . . .

Your servant's servant,
THE EDITOR.

☞1000 copies of the Everyman's Library Catalogue, bound for Chicago, fell or jumped off a ferry last week and floated down the lower Hudson until salvaged. We suggest that this idea be applied to remainders.

☞Items: 75 members of the staff of the Lakeside Press, Chicago, ordered copies of "Rockwellkentiana," which Lakeside made for Harcourt, Brace. ☞The highest price paid by any publisher outside England for the rights to Lloyd George's "War Memoirs" came from the State Publishing Department, U. S. S. R. ☞Jo Van Ammers-Kuller, who according to Dodd, Mead is the most popular and widely read of living Dutch novelists, is going to visit America. Old Quercus wants to know if she will be entertained by the Dutch Treat Club. ☞Sherwood Anderson has written an introduction to Crowell's new edition of "Leaves of Grass," illustrated by Charles Cullen.

☞The Trade will be glad to know that Ogden Nash's poems in celebration of the Booksellers' Conventions of 1932 and 1933 are reprinted, together with other masterpieces, in "Happy Days" (S. and S., Oct. 16).

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GNARLED, old Mrs. Bearclaws has finished another beautiful, beaded, Sioux Indian tobacco pouch that will grace any den. It is yours for only $37.50. O. L. Steensland, Beresford, S. Dak.

ENGLISH LODGINGS. Spacious, sunny, modern. Electric kitchenette. Lodgers must be interesting or agreeable. May be both. Box 275, Southern Pines, N. C.

COLLEGE man, school near New York, desires meet New York girl, preferably working. Purpose, dates. Gordon.

I AM able, ye editors, bookish and young,
And my mind is exceedingly bright.
And now I'm "at liberty" stalking a job.
Do you think, with these gifts, it is right?
If you don't, qualifications are much better than parody. New York City job essential. Janet.

ATTRACTIVE, not too young schoolmarm with varied interests and a travel complex, wishes correspondence with man 35 or over. Box 420, Bellingham, Wash.

REASONABLE Board in old College town. Beautiful mountains of Virginia. Box 773, Lexington, Virginia.

VACANCY in select college prep near New York City for English department head, male, unmarried, in exchange for room, board, laundry. No salary. Send credentials immediately. Box R.

LONE Fisherman to J. T.—Please correct "can" to "should." Many thanks and other matters.

TITIAN-HAIRED widow, widely traveled, considered attractive, desires acquaintance with refined, unattached, middle-aged gentleman of varied tastes. Congenial.

SECRETARY, not very pretty or exactly young, but with all sorts of interest, desires to correspond with not too old, single lonesome gentleman. Betty.

GENTLEMAN would like to correspond with a lady living in New York. One who would interest herself in absorbing humanitarian work. Literary ability, business acumen and smart personal appearance are desirable. Box 246.

IN DETROIT ten months without speaking congenial soul, office-worker, male, 30, ignorant motors, sports, fond books, music but without talent or special knowledge, wonders if there are others. Box 247.

DEPRESSION hit college teacher of thirty-five, has tremendous urge to refresh her soul by seeing the far places of the world. Suggestions regarding ways and means gratefully received. Box 248.

MALE professor, 35, available February 1st as companion or tutor, cruising around Mediterranean. Box 249.

RECREATION TEACHER, male, age 30, A.B.-M.A., desires position in institution, with family or will act as travel companion. Specialties, Tennis, Squash Racquets, Badminton, Swimming, Dancing, Hiking, Health Exercises and Golf. Address Herbert L. Fisher, 118 Raymond Street, Barrington, Illinois.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 192*)

freedom cannot be truly happy till they have put their heads under the old-fashioned yoke of marriage The real heroine of the piece is the mellow matron: whose wisdom, in the end, is invariably owned by her troubled children, and whose charm perennially renews itself for her dutiful mate.

H. W. B.

HOT SUMMER. By Oscar Graeve. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

This novel follows the current style of picturing a group of characters thrown together by circumstances. They all live in the same rooming-house in New York City. But "Hot Summer" is more sophisticated than the ordinary novel of the type. It is rather entertaining—lightly romantic, lightly satirical.

C. S.

Miscellaneous

ADOLESCENT GIRLHOOD. By Mary Chadwick. Day. 1933. $2.50.

Called upon to review a book of this nature, one cannot but be grateful when the author has seen fit to set forth her aims in a preface. In this case the aim is humble enough: "to put before the reader a general view of the more everyday problems of the girl at home and at school, and those which, in spite of their prevalence, do not seem to have gained as much attention or understanding as they merit and require."

Miss Chadwick is an English author, and it is entirely possible that the adolescent girl has received less attention and understanding in the British Isles than she has here. One must so infer, since in this book one will look in vain for a new idea,—an analysis which has not been offered repeatedly and often far more significantly by American students. The book is pretentious, but its pretentiousness is unwarranted by its substance. For the most part one meets a combination of psychoanalytical patter with recurrent quaint Victorianisms, written in what is at times appallingly slovenly English.

On the whole, therefore, it would appear that in this book, the author has fallen short of her aim, and that the harassed American parent will find here small help toward the directing of the complexes and conflicts of adolescent daughters.

M. U.

BE A PUPPET SHOWMAN. By Remo Bufano. Appleton-Century. 1933. $2.50.

Here is an excellent book on the making of a marionette theatre. It is written by a real showman—not by a poet or an artist with a bit of a flare for puppets, not by a pedagogue teaching design, morals, or manual training with the puppet as a project. If you want to make a real marionette, make it, says Bufano. And so, presupposing aptitude, patience, and enthusiasm, Bufano's simple directions and helpful drawings are the perfect guide. His book offers hundreds of drawings for the processes of puppet making which tell the story almost without text. Moreover, his directions are perfectly clear, easy to follow. And how good are his many instructions! If you follow only a part of them you can still become a very good showman indeed.

H. H. J.

Travel

KAPOOT. By Carveth Wells. McBride. 1933. $2.50.

Mr. Wells's little book is a thoroughgoing "razz" of the U. S. S. R. and all its works. Lice, bedbugs, inadequate toilet facilities, dirt of all sorts, constantly preoccupy his attention. When he left Russia, after his brief tour, Mrs. Wells, he says, addressed the Intourist manager in the following words: "I'd take a ticket to hell to get out of this God-forsaken dump! Yes, I said dump, and if I knew any worse word, I'd use it!"

When the Intourist man said that it would be impossible to get seats on the Finnish train for another fortnight, Mrs. Wells is quoted as saying: "Ye gods! Do you expect me to pay you ten dollars a day for the next two weeks hanging around in this lousy Leningrad?" The moment the train crossed the frontier into Finland, everybody climbed out the carriages and "without any rehearsal at all, gave three cheers and at the same time placed their thumbs to their noses, pointing at the Red soldiers who were slouching angrily away. I then discovered that this performance was the regular thing. They haven't heard of a Bronx cheer in Russia, but such was the spirit of the passengers on our train."

Mr. Wells's book is one continuous Bronx cheer. It is "true" in much the same sense that the purely negative criticism of "Mother India" was true to the manifold facts of its subject. So much pious bunk is written about the Soviet experiment that a frankly roughneck handling of the subject is rather refreshing. Old Russian hands will be amused by Mr. Wells's anguished howls and misadventures, but novices in the subject should be warned that the work is too brassy and ignorant to be taken very seriously.

Latest Books Received

ART

Modern Drawings. C. Dodgson. Studio. $10.

BELLES LETTRES

William Crary Brownell. G. H. Brownell. Scrib. $3.50.

BIOGRAPHY

Harlequin Sheridan. R. C. Rhodes. Oxford: Blackwell. *Bare Hands and Stone Walls.* C. E. Russell. Scrib. $3. *Myself and My Friends.* L. McCarthy. Dut. $5. *The Odyssey of Andrew Swan.* A. Swan and D. Macfayden. Holt. $2.50. *Slanting Lines of Steel.* E. A. Powell. Macmil. $2.50. *Testament of Youth.* V. Brittain. Macmil. $2.50. *Mary Queen of Scots.* E. Linklater. Appl. $1.50. *George Lewes and George Eliot.* A. T. Kitchell. Day. $2.50. *A Life against Death.* K. Winslow. Lowman. $3.

DRAMA

King Henry the Seventh. G. Witter. Oxford: Blackwell. *Ah, Wilderness!* E. O'Neill. Random. $2.50. *The Turkish Theatre.* N. N. Martinovitch. New York: Theatre Arts. $3.

EDUCATION

Elizabethan Schooldays. J. H. Brown. Oxford: Blackwell. *Eight Short Stories by G. de Maupassant.* Ed. D. S. Blondheim. Macmil. $1.25.

FICTION

The Wooly Lamb of God. F. F. Bond. Revell. $1. *The Death of a World.* R. Rolland. Holt. $2.50. *White Piracy.* J. W. Bellah. Farrar. $2. *Menace.* P. MacDonald. Crime Club. $2. *Suspicion.* Dominique Dunois. Macaulay. $2. *The Crimson Queen.* D. Henderson. Duffield. $2.50. *Leap before You Look.* A. Waugh. Farrar. $2. *Whistle for Me.* M. Jackson. Morrow. $2. *Bonfire.* D. Canfield. Harcourt. $2.50. *Mr. Darlington's Dangerous Age.* I. Glenn. Doubleday. $2.50. *The Sulu Sea Murders.* Van Wyck Mason. Crime Club. $2. *The Crank in the Corner.* C. Bush. Morrow. $2. *Bride of Quietness.* A. Knox. Macmil. $2. *Scarlet to M. F. H.* C. Aldin. Scrib. $7.50. *Ru the Conqueror.* J. Gregory. Scrib. $2. *The Dragon Murder Case.* S. S. Van Dine. Scrib. $2. *Crime Unlimited.* D. Hume. McBride. $2. *Sexational Eve.* W. Collison. McBride. $2. *Changing Patterns.* W. D. Orcutt. Dodd. $2. *There's Always Another Year.* M. Ostenso. Dodd. $2. *Shoal Water.* G. S. Chappell. Put. $2. *Long Pennant.* O. La Farge. Houghton. $2.50. *Bare Living.* E. Davis and G. Holt. Bobbs. $2. *Thunder Shield.* F. Van de Water. Bobbs. $2. *The Bishop of Havana.* P. Hogan. Washburn. $2. *Doctor Fram.* S. Mackenzie. Dut. $2. *Glass Walls.* A. Hatch. Dial. $2. *Eclipse.* A. H. Carasso. Dial. $2. *The Three Mustangeers.* W. James. Scrib. $2.75.

HISTORY

History of the State of New York. Vols. III and IV. Ed. A. C. Flick. Columbia Univ. Pr. $5 a vol. *Poland.* R. Dyboski. Scrib. $5.

INTERNATIONAL

Far Eastern Front. E. Snow. Smith-Haas. $3.75.

JUVENILE

Just across the Street. R. Field. Macmil. $1.50. *The Norwegian Twins.* L. F. Perkins. Houghton. $1.75. *Zorra.* V. J. Hoyt. Lothrop. $1.50. *The Storyland Tree.* M. Lindsay. Lothrop. $1.50. *Celia's Choice.* E. V. Davis. Lothrop. $1.50. *Pepper.* H. King Harris. Lothrop. $1.50. *A Spy of '76.* A. T. Dudley. Lothrop. $1.75. *The Boys' Life of Thomas Jefferson.* H. Nicolay. Apple. $2.50. *Ride-the-Wind.* E. C. Phillips. Houghton. $1.75. *A Child's History of Art.* V. M. Hillyer and E. G. Huey. Apple. $3.50. *100,000 Whys.* M. Ilin. Trans. B. Kinkead. Lippin. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Traitors Within. H. T. Fitch. Doubleday. $2. *Making the Most of Your Income.* H. Blodgett. Macmil. $1.50. *The Dawn of Conscience.* J. H. Breasted. Scrib. $3. *The Ruth Brooks Cross Word Puzzle Book.* Lothrop. $1.35. *Dynamic Social Research.* J. J. Hader and E. C. Lindeman. Harcourt. $3.50. *A Decade of Radio Advertising.* H. S. Hettinger. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $3. *Complete Model Aircraft Manual.* E. T. Hamilton. Harcourt. $3.50. *Mission of Santa Cruz.* San Francisco: Elder. $2.50. *NRA: A Bibliography.* J. K. Wilcox. Chicago: Am. Library Ass. *Newspaper District Management.* L. Smith. Kansas City. *Fencing.* J. M. Castello. Scrib. $2.50.

PAMPHLETS

Plant Forms in Ornament. Compiled M. F. Baldwin. New York Public Library. *Foundations and Me.* C. T. Libby. Yarmouth, Me. *Mushrooms.* P. F. Stephens. Published by the author, 307 Sixth Ave., N. Y. *Literature and the International Mind.* F. E. Barns. International Relations Office, American Association of University Women.

PHILOSOPHY

Spinoza and Buddha. S. M. Melamed. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $3.

POETRY

Theatre Guyed. N. Levy. Knopf. $2.

RELIGION

The Short Bible. Ed. E. J. Goodspeed and J. M. P. Smith. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $2. *Home Base and Missionary Personnel.* Ed. O. A. Petty. Harp. $1.50.

SCIENCE

The Limitations of Science. J. W. N. Sullivan. Viking. $2.75. *Sex in the Plant World.* W. W. Robbins and H. M. Pearson. Apple. $2.

TRAVEL

Northern Lights. F. S. Chapman. Oxford Univ. Pr. $5. *Raggle-Taggle.* W. Starkie. Dut. $3. *The Empty Quarter.* H. St. J. B. Philby. Holt. $4.

PERSONALS

IS THERE in New York City unattached gentleman 35-50 who would appreciate the companionship of a sincere, intelligent, attractive young woman? Box 250.

FEMALE, 31, vivacious, intelligent, Jewish, desires male companionship in vicinity of Boston or New York. Box 251.

YOUNG Man, 22, desires employment, New York, in Book field. Knowledge stenography. Box 252.

IS THERE somewhere in Central New York State lonely, attractive lady, widow or single, correspond with personable gentleman in thirties? Object friendship, not matrimony. No gold diggers. Box 254.

INNOCENT and eager writer having found enthusiastic publisher for lively tale desires an angel who will immediately remove him from Mississippi River Quarter boat where creative work is positively impossible. Some advance royalties promised in spring. Bare subsistence until then for work on second book would be supernal and mayhap profitable. Box 255.

YOUNG woman— literary-minded, educated, Christian, teaching and office experience, desires position—country, city. Box 256.

ME, TOO. Since it's being done—I am personable (isn't that the word?), I like a little gaiety. Position is temporarily open for highbrow-mixed-with-lowbrow gentleman, preferably over 30, to add flavor and interest to my life. Box 257.

MISS MIDDLEWEST combs Father Knickerbocker unsuccessfully seeking a refined American bachelor friend about fifty. Box 258.

WOMAN, a writer (?), at dangerous age, depression-bound, longs for glorious adventure like, say, being discovered by miraculous editor or—well, what else could happen so exciting? Box 259.

WHO would like a small, attractive home, reasonably priced, next golf course and beach? Box 260.

YOUNG-MIDDLEAGED, intelligent, alert woman who has lived gay, happy life but finds herself at present bogged in an insufferably uninteresting situation, wonders if correspondence with interesting, young-middle-aged man with sense of humor would help maintain her resolve never to be unhappy over anything. "Sanguine."

I SHOULD like some job not requiring a woman to be intellectual, but merely intelligent. Could help prepare manuscripts; cook on small scale; can drive car. Am healthy and industrious. SINCERE.

BRRRR! Does the beautiful blonde with the blue eyes in Chicago wish to continue the discussion of things literary with the dark-haired man motoring to the Arctic Circle? Say yes, please. Will be in Windy City with trunkful of icicles October 11th. THAW MAN.

WHO IS the gentleman — footloose — who will trade ideas with a gentle lady fond of good books, interesting people, far places? Box 264.

COLLEGE girl, national sorority, is tired of rah-rah boys. Would like to correspond with personable young man 30-50 who has ideals and gets joy out of living. "Mid West."

CHICAGOAN (young, attractive; college) would enjoy sharing many interests with cultured man (twenty-eight to thirty-five). Lynda.

YOUNG woman (30), graduate nurse, college graduate, seeking position, nurse, companion or governess in intellectual surroundings. Best professional and personal credentials. Small salary; would travel. NURSE.

FOR SALE: Old established, profitable, book, stationery, gift, toy and novelty business. Located up state. Requires about $10,000. Box 261.

CHARMING, still young, would meet cultivated man. Box 262.

DESIRE communication from literary man who likes to dance. "Cynara."

SCHOOLMA'AM, small, black-haired, gaudy, green-eyed gal of the Rockies wishes to correspond with a man of wit or what have you—not too young. "Peggy."

PEDAGOGUE, attractive, amiable and alone, varied appreciations, humanity outstanding, wishes correspondence with man of like characteristics. Ula.

WOULD enjoy correspondence with an intelligent young man. Not conceited, tho'. ("Beth.")

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PERSONALS

I WANT to put on an act to make the cats in my office sit up and take notice. For this not especially high-minded purpose I require an attentive date. I'd like him to be forty or older and willing to come into the office with the expressed purpose of taking me to lunch or dinner. It will be Dutch Treat, but the cats will never know. Proud Patty.

COLLEGE history teacher, male, 21, wants something unusual to do. Just the type who is invariably cast for juvenile leads. Does surprising variety of things well (especially teaching, tennis, driving, talking). Note: Don't be discouraged. Apply even if it isn't unusual: will do almost anything. "Here Am I: Take Me."

COLLEGE graduate, daughter of Presbyterian minister, desires to secure secretarial training. Can tutor, sing, play a little, draw; expert at interesting children; enjoys reading aloud; older folks love her. "Joyeuse."

INTERESTED rescuing young man, 21, college graduate, summa cum laude, modern language major, literary aspirations, from unemployment, debt, starvation? Write immediately. Earl M. Zeigler, 204 Lavinia Ave., Greenville, S. C.

"LIFE begins at forty." Girl-child of three, delighting in research, craves innocent amusement and pennies for her bank. Enviably outfitted with grownup acquaintances, ideas, and words (including German ones); appallingly accurate; surprisingly free from childish irresponsibility; residence, Washington. TIPTOE.

SPACIOUS, unusual 4-room apartment, Twelfth Street, writers' home for 10 years, for rent because of unexpected departure for Europe. Entire fourth (top) floor, real kitchen; no elevator, but rare combination of modern comfort with old-time dignity, privacy, charm. Furnished (including books) or unfurnished. Long lease preferred. Moderate price. Highest references required. Telphone ALgonquin 4-4561.

YOUNG AMERICAN, 34, single, experienced hotel executive, seeks contact with young man or woman interested in that line of work, with some capital. Object: to take over small hotel in New York City, or Florida. References furnished and required. Box 265.

FOR $1.35 sleep with a Smiling Cow fragrant Balsam Pillow. Smiling Cow Shop, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

WIDOW, educated, cultured, aged 35, desires communication with gentleman interested in books and the theatre. Box 263.

TRAVELED non-conventional gentleman (28) seeks attractive, amusing and feminine young woman who, feeling concerned about New York's lack of mountains, tall trees and the scent of pines, desires an intelligent friendship. AERIAL. Box 266.

I "PINE AND BALSAM" for young man between age of thirty and forty (Christian of refinement, living in New York or vicinity) who will correspond with "T-29."

LADIES and Gentlemen who enjoy lectures, bridge, or other card games, dancing, write for information concerning membership in The Culture Circle, 507—5th Ave. R. 906.

CLASSIFIED

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Yet Once More

LAST time it was title-page mottoes. But one progresses. One may ultimately attain the text itself (and one has ideas in that regard). But between title-page and text intervene a number of things, most sentimentally interesting of which is the dedication. Some authors (as Conrad and Galsworthy) have dedicated virtually everything they made into a book. Others (as Hawthorne and Kipling) are chary of dedicating anything—the Kipling statistics are available to doughty searchers in Mrs. Livingston's bibliography; the Hawthorne total is more readily teachable: two.

Below are given dedications from five English and five American books, the earliest, it happens, originally published in 1855, and the latest in 1928. Dedications, like title-page mottoes, have a way of dropping out in subsequent editions (not invariably, or even often, but occasionally), so here again the collector has a modest advantage over the mere reader. (The mere reader will yet have his turn in these contests.) The arrangement is adventitious. There are omissions in certain instances (as No. 6 and No. 9) of elements which would definitely identify the books—such as place-names and signatures. No. 8 is followed (but not here) by a three-page dedicatory letter. Some of the dedications, *in situ,* are arranged in monumental capitals without punctuation; here punctuation has been inserted for the sake of readability. But everything is fair—no tricks. Again the answers are in the classified department. And so:

(1) To the red gowns of St. Andrews.
(2) To all schoolmasters and schoolmistresses and every teacher in the world.
(3) To John Smith, whom I have known in divers and sundry places about the world, and whose many and manifold virtues did always command my esteem, I dedicate this book. It is said that the man to whom a volume is dedicated, always buys a copy. If this prove true in the present instance, a princely affluence is about to burst upon the author.
(4) To the memory of the household it describes, this poem is dedicated by the author.
(5) To my sister-in-law Mary Stewart Cholmondely, the intelligent woman to whose question this book is the best answer I can make.
(6) To the universal Yankee nation, of which I am proud to be one, I dedicate these pages, dating them from the American Museum, where the public first smiled upon me, and where henceforth my personal exertions will be devoted to its entertainment.
(7) To S. L. O., an American gentleman.
(8) To His Highness the Bunker-Hill Monument.
(9) In memoriam C. T. W., sometime trooper of the Royal Horse Guards.
(10) To Vermont and Michigan.

J. T. W.

Collier of Litchfield

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THOMAS COLLIER, PRINTER, 1784-1808. *Compiled by Samuel H. Fisher. Litchfield: Litchfield Historical Society.* 1933. 200 *copies.*

THIS is one of the bibliographical monographs which appear from time to time—and less frequently in this country than abroad—to gladden the heart of the student of printing, the librarian, and the *amateur des livres.* Mr. Fisher has collected Collier's work as an avocation, and like many another amateur he has found his hobby so engrossing and the accumulation of information not available in one place so considerable, that its publication seemed warranted.

Thomas, in his "History of Printing in America," gives Collier four lines in a footnote; Trumbull, in his "List of Books Printed in Connecticut," which lists a good many Collier items, gives only a small amount, and that incomplete, of information. This paucity of information about even a comparatively unimportant provincial printer is sufficient warrant for Mr. Fisher's book.

Collier set up his printing-office in Litchfield in 1784, when he was twenty-three years old; he had served his apprenticeship on the *Boston News Letter,* and had served as a journeyman printer in Norwich and New Haven. The vicissitudes of his establishment were many, but for twenty-three years he issued, under various titles, a newspaper in Litchfield, and he printed numerous books and pamphlets. Mr. Fisher suggests that perhaps Collier's most outstanding achievements were the publication of "American Poems" (1793), and Kirby's "Reports of Cases" (1789).

The volume is an octavo of about one hundred pages, with several reproductions of title-pages, etc. There is a biographical introduction, and a good index. The bibliographical notes appended to the lists of imprints are short but invaluable.

R.

Not Too First

THE practice of casing review copies in stout wrappers, plain or embellished, is not a phenomenon of recent origin in the history of publishing promotion. The custom may well go back to the infancy of the thundering quarterlies—to the beginnings of book-reviewing as it is known today. In an era when the bookbuyer dressed his purchase to suit his taste, it was not likely that the publisher would waste full calf, or even cloth-backed boards (meaning no offense), on a reviewer. When the London house of T. Werner Laurie issued a facsimile of the Kilmarnock Burns (1786) in 1927 the copies were sheathed in the original (as it were) gray-blue unlettered wrappers—in Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's Fifty-first Street vaults reposes an actual Kilmarnock Burns similarly accoutred—and it is probable that the copies of the original issue sent to the critical great in Edinburgh and London were likewise in wrappers. The custom doubtless prevailed, at least in Great Britain, up to the time cloth bindings became general a century ago.

The wrappered review copy is used today mainly in the instance of books which publishers and reviewers recognize in advance as of sufficient importance to command the tops of book columns and the front pages of the weekly reviews—and of sufficient importance, too, to be governed by a release date that admits of no *nisi prius.* The publisher, therefore, in order to allow the reviewer all the time he can, dispenses with the elegances of textile investiture.

And thereby another problem is plopped into the collector's lap. "Pre-first editions," these wrappered skirmishers are occasionally called, and the collector shudders at the logic that will admit a pre-first (though French booksellers catalogue a periodical appearance as "édition préoriginale"), because if a pre-first, why not a pre-pre-first, a pre-times-x first, until one day there may appear in the auction room a ream of white paper on which a collected poet planned to compose a collectable epic when he got around to it?

But the publisher who foresees a collector as well as a general sale for a projected book has devised a neat way out of what in the past has proved a dilemma to publisher, bookseller, collector, and bibliographer. The review copies of a new book by a collected author are likely today to be the first to go out into the world, but they are unlikely to be the first to leave the press. The press, according to the practice of some publishers, will be arbitrarily halted and a "second printing" slug inserted below the copyright notice (a moderately disingenuous proceeding) and copies of this "edition," in wrappers or in definitive boards or cloth, are sent out for review. The practice is not wholly indefensible; at least it meets the ineptitude of the zealous wrappered-copy collector with a neutralizing counter-ineptitude.

J. T. W.

CLASSIFIED

COLLECTORS CONTEST

ANSWERS TO "YET ONCE MORE" CONTEST IN COMPLEAT COLLECTOR—(1) Barrie: Courage (London, 1922); (2) Wells: The Undying Fire (London, 1919); (3) Mark Twain: The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County (New York, 1867); (4) Whittier: Snow-Bound (Boston, 1866); (5) Shaw: The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism (London, 1928); (6) Barnum: The Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself (New York, 1855); (7) Stevenson: Treasure Island (London, 1883); (8) Melville: Israel Potter (New York, 1855); (9) Wilde: The Ballad of Reading Gaol (London, 1898); (10) Frost: New Hampshire (New York, 1923).

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